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September, 1922

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Volume LI. No. 4
New Series

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



SEPTEMBER, 1922

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A "HOME WOMAN" WHO LEADS IN POLITICS

Girls and cooking she loves, yet Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp found time to organize Republican women in New York for politics, and to act as delegate to the convention which nominated Warren G. Harding

See page 175



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



WHAT will the harvest be?" is the prevailing September song in Washington. It may seem to only concern the Agricultural Department, but the application relates to legislation, tariff, strikes, taxes, coal, elections, and harvests in general.

The business trend is toward an active revival of trade—not a return to pre-war conditions, but conditions adjusted to the new order of things.

The building boom has begun over the country, which may foreshadow declining rents. Uncle Sam himself has taken the lead. Postmaster-General Work insists upon the government saving an enormous annual rent bill of millions and own post-office buildings. Rents have been one of the obstacles in adjusting living costs.

* * * *

THE autumn months of 1922 bring a glow of growing confidence extending over the country. After the rather gloomy experiences and unsettled outlook of the summer days, there is a feeling that the sun is still shining and that the country is on the threshold of a golden era of widespread prosperity—prosperity that is not represented in the swollen profits of one and the distressed losses of another, but an evenly distributed era of prosperity which will be universally secured.

* * * *

IT is always interesting—sometimes enlightening—to see ourselves as others see us. Prof. C. Achard of the University of Paris, visiting Washington briefly on his way to a medical congress at Toronto, commented on the impression that our national capital makes on a Parisian.

"Washington is so green," he said. "It has so many trees along its streets. You do not see that in Paris. Neither do we have so many high buildings. We do not have so many buildings standing alone. Washington also has wide avenues and so much space everywhere, which makes it a very pleasant place to be. I have just visited the Capitol, and it is an extremely majestic structure."

* * * *

MY text is taken from two lines in the Congressional Directory. It consists of the necessary description of the First District of Oklahoma, made up of ten counties, with a population of over three hundred thousand. There is not even an intimation in this biography that Thomas A. Chandler, the Republican Congressman of that district, living at Vinita, was ever born. The details of his biography include the names of the ten counties, one of which, Osage, is perhaps the richest oil section in the world; and another, Ottawa, has probably the richest lead and zinc mines to be found anywhere. Eight of the ten counties produce oil, and two of the ten produce lead and zinc. With these facts in mind, it is not hard to assume that the district, best of all, produces men and women that

have the sturdy old Oklahoma spirit, who pushed on with the idea of making homes rather than with the idea of finding mineral wealth. The soil of Oklahoma has possibly produced more wealth than any similar area of the United States of America, taking it all in all.

So now we do not know whether to call Mr. Chandler a farmer, an oil producer, or a miner, but we do know he is a native son of Oklahoma.

He was born in the Old Indian Territory, and has Cherokee Indian blood in his veins. He was reared in the very district



HON. THOMAS A. CHANDLER

Republican Representative from Oklahoma, and a well-known western farmer, lawyer, real estate operator and oil man



LYDIA FERGUSON

Whose unique way of combining the arts of concert singing and disease have made her a favorite at Washington and elsewhere. Her exceptional interpretive powers and the beautiful quality of her soprano voice, coupled with remarkably fine diction and dramatic skill, have won for her unanimous praise. The Washington (D. C.) "Times" says, "Lydia Ferguson won our hearts by her charming singing of French chansons and Breton Folk Songs. She is an artist worthy of her distinctions." This appears in the "Washington Herald": "Beautiful and exceedingly clever, Lydia Ferguson sang European Folk Songs most delightfully in a joint recital with Sasha Votichenko." She is the daughter of the distinguished landscape painter, Henry A. Ferguson, and the niece of President Masaryk of the Czechoslovak Republic, hence the Czechoslovak Folk Songs find a fitting place in her programs, which cover a wide scope of modern and classic French, English, Italian, Russian, and American music, making her an especial favorite at the National Capital where the Embassies of many foreign lands commingle.

he represents, sixteen miles southeast of Vinita, in what was known as Delaware District of the Cherokee nation. He does not even have the distinction of calling a town the place of his birth, as it was on the prairie of Oklahoma. He attended school for three years at Worcester Academy at Vinita, and for six months at Drury College, Springfield, Missouri. He always had an ambition to study law. He first went into business then later entered politics and became a deputy clerk of the United States Court for the Indian Territory. He began the study of law when a deputy clerk, and the old leather-bound books were his companions for many hours, day and night.

When in school at Worcester Academy, a debate was held on the tariff question, and he was assigned to take the protective side of it. He wrote McKinley, who was then chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, for some of his speeches, so that he could present the matter properly. McKinley not only gave him his speeches, but sent him other statistics and wrote him a personal letter giving him certain pointers for the debate. He also advised him that if at any time he wanted anything more to take the matter up with him. Little did he dream that he would later become a member of the very committee of which McKinley was chairman.

Booge Little, a Georgia Democrat, was one of the judges of the debate, and upon meeting Tom the next day said: "My dear boy, you put in a lot of study on that question. You were entitled to the decision." This remark was probably the result of his stating that the South would have won the Civil War had its industrial development been as great as that of the North. A large number of Southerners were at the debate, and this view of the conflict presented the matter to them in a new light. Congressman Chandler ascribes his first victory in public life to the kindly help of McKinley.

McKinley was Mr. Chandler's first great political hero. Later on, through Mr. Chandler's influence, an instructed delegation was sent from the Indian Territory to the St. Louis convention of 1896 and nominated McKinley. Little did the presidential nominee realize that a letter to the boy in Oklahoma would result in that way. The most significant fact of the campaign is that although the Indian Territory was in the section that was stamped for free silver, this little delegation stood four-square on the gold plank in the Republican platform.

It was plain after that that Tom Chandler was due for a political career. He was elected chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee for the old Third District of Oklahoma in 1908, and the same year was elected a delegate to the national convention that nominated Taft.

In the meanwhile he became interested in the oil-producing business, and was making it his principal occupation, but he always found the study of law highly beneficial. When Oklahoma was admitted to statehood, he was still in the clerk's



With the perfection of a new electrical instrument in the Volta Bureau in Washington, people afflicted with deafness are able to hear conversation which they could not hear before. Much of the research work leading up to the invention was conducted by Alexander Graham Bell in his picturesque laboratory. The completed electrical instrument was perfected by Earl C. Hanson of the Volta Bureau in the new laboratory of the Volta Bureau. The Volta Bureau for the Increase and Diffusion of Knowledge relating to the Deaf, was founded and endowed by Alexander Graham Bell in 1887. This building was erected in 1893. Helen Keller turning the first sod on May 8. It stands on the corner of Volta Place and Thirty-Fifth Streets, Washington, D. C.

office, and the history of Oklahoma in the days before and after statehood shows Thomas A. Chandler one of her active and prominent citizens.

The first time that his name ever appeared on a ticket was in 1916, the strenuous year of the Hughes campaign. It was not altogether a Republican year, but he pulled through with 369 majority, although the district had a former Democratic majority of 4,300. This Republican vote was given in spite of the Wilson landslide. Those figures, 369, are remembered better than a telephone number. They marked the beginning of his career in Congress. In 1918 he was defeated, as he and his campaign manager were sick in bed with influenza, but in 1920 he staged a real comeback, his majority being 7,928 over the man who defeated him in 1918—something of a contrast to the 369 of 1916.

In 1920 he named the delegates to the Republican national convention, and eighteen of the twenty went for President Harding.

When he came to Washington, it was only logical that he should have a place on the Ways and Means Committee. Tariff experts and members of the Tariff Commission have told me that one of the most efficient members on the committee is Tom Chandler of Oklahoma. He views the tariff not from a partisan standpoint, but from an adjustment that will benefit all the American people, keeping constantly in mind that the U. S. A. is still a separate nation, with its own destiny to fulfill.

He is, first of all, a business man, and his services in preparing the revenue bill and reducing taxation have been such that his state may well be proud of him.

His constituents meet him in his office at 445 House Office Building. He tried to get Room 369, but it was occupied. He stands for a soldier bonus along the lines of the bill prepared by the Ways and Means Committee, and passed by the House. His letter files are full of letters from the doughboys, whose interests he has kept in mind.

One hot August day I found him in his office with a number of Spanish war veterans. He has been very active in looking after the interests of these men, who have been more or less neglected because their service lacked spectacular features. Troop L of Roosevelt's Rough Riders was raised in Vinita, Congressman Chandler's home. He now has a bill (H. R. 9198) pending in the House to increase the pensions of those veterans to a minimum of \$30 per month and a maximum of \$50 per month. The minimum is now \$12 per month and the maximum is \$30 per month.

His friends in Oklahoma urged him to make the race for the Senate two years ago, but he felt that he would retire from public life. Since that time his brilliant career in Congress has renewed the demand that he stand for the Senate election in 1924.

* * * *

WHEN John H. Bartlett canceled stamps as a postmaster in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, under President McKinley and later under Theodore Roosevelt, he probably did not think he would some day have executive direction of the great postoffice department of Uncle Sam, as First Assistant Postmaster-General.

His career is that of an American boy, pushing on towards the top—starting with ambition and purpose. He was born at Sunapee, New Hampshire, noted for the beautiful lake near at hand, in 1869, and had the average experiences of a son of the Granite State.

Educated at the Colby Academy, he later attended Dartmouth College and graduated with the class of '94, with an A.B. degree. An A. M. degree has been conferred upon him since that time by his beloved Dartmouth, and he also has the distinction of an LL. D. from the New Hampshire College at Durham. Putting aside the mortar and gown of graduating day in June, 1894, he became principal of a high school at



JOHN H. BARTLETT
First Assistant Postmaster-General

Portsmouth in September and graduated into the postoffice—after making a record as a school teacher.

Four years after leaving the classic scenes at Hanover he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar and became the law partner of Judge Calvin Page. Young Bartlett did the court work for the firm and pushed forward rapidly in his profession. He later became president of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company, and is now the president of the Granite State Fire Insurance Company, one of the best known business institutions of New Hampshire, that has policy holders in all parts of the country.

From the time he took up the practice of law, he has been entrusted with many large estates and engaged in business matters that are related closely to the necessity of efficient service. During the war he gave his whole time to the service, proving to be a popular leader in recruiting and assisting in the various drives. In 1918 he was nominated by the Republican party for Governor without an opposing candidate, the first instance of an uncontested gubernatorial nomination of his party in the entire history of the state. It was during the stirring days of his administration that the prohibitory amendment, woman suffrage, the \$100 bonus to New Hampshire service men, the state school law, and law to reduce hours of labor from fifty-six to fifty-four—a long list of progressive legislation, were put through the legislature.

He had served in the legislature and was on the staff of Governor McLane and knows the processes of government. For many years he has been a member of the Republican State Committee, and was a delegate at large to the Chicago Convention when Warren G. Harding was nominated for President. During 1920 he was associated with the National Speakers' Bureau of the Republican National Committee, making addresses in nine states—and proving a vigorous campaigner.

Governor Bartlett is a Knight Templar, Shriner, Odd Fellow,



HON. W. TURNER LOGAN

Elk, Granger, and a Knight of Pythias. He was President of the Civil Service Commission from July 11, 1921, to March 13, 1922, when he accepted the appointment of First Assistant to the Postmaster General.

He married Agnes Page, daughter of the late Judge Page, his former partner, and his one son, Calvin, is a sophomore at Yale.

Governor Bartlett is always efficient in his tasks and enthusiastic in whatever he undertakes. His faith in New Hampshire makes him an uncompromising believer in the United States and he is giving to his work at Washington unreservedly of all the power and energy that has made for a successful career.

* * * *

CONGRESSIONAL service has been the training school and beginning of many eminent public careers. All through the history of the States it will be found that men reaching a national eminence have been under the broadening influence of life in Washington. Governors, Senators, Judges, Vice-Presidents, diplomats, and even many Presidents have first caught the national viewpoint in the shadows of the Capitol. It is not strange, therefore, that the friends of Representative W. Turner Logan feel that he has the qualities requisite for any position within the gift of the people of his State. From early boyhood his mind has been trained to master legal matters, and this, combined with his rugged common sense and keen appreciation of fairness and justice to all people, mark him as one well fitted to represent the judiciary of his State or nation.

Although he belongs to the minority party and has not enjoyed the opportunities that came with the previous administration, he is recognized by his colleagues, irrespective of party, as a man of judgment and attainments. His constituents

are fortunate in having the services of a Congressman who stands pre-eminent in the achievements of his first term.

Even when drilling away on Blackstone and Coke in the office of the late Judge Brawley of South Carolina, preparatory to his admittance to the bar, young Logan planned that some day he would go to Congress, and now the First District of South Carolina finds itself ably represented at the National Capital by this young man. It was not accomplished without a thorough preparation for the work. From the very start he was heart and soul interested in all matters affecting the interests of the people. He was active in politics and ready at all times to help the laboring people and the farmers in their struggles. He is a member of the Masons and many civic organizations, and Ex-President of the Hibernian Society, one of the oldest societies in South Carolina, which has numbered among its Presidents some of the most renowned and well-known men of the State.

When occasion required, W. Turner Logan could always be depended upon to meet the emergency, whether it was a Fourth of July address or heading a delegation at a convention. His energy and ambition was always the forerunner of results, and, naturally, when the district was looking for a successor for Richard S. Whaley, he seemed to be the logical man. He was elected by an overwhelming majority.

He graduated from the College of Charleston and served two terms in the State legislature, voluntarily resigning at the end of his second term. As chairman of the Charleston County Democratic Executive Committee, he kept in close touch with the wants as well as the interests of the people. He also served as corporation counsel of the city of Charleston. His law partner is Mayor John P. Grace.

In 1909 he married Louise G. Lesesne, daughter of the late James P. Lesesne, Consul-General to Australia under President Cleveland.

When Representative Logan arrived in Washington he was appointed a member of the Insular Affairs Committee, and has done much important work on the Claims Committee, on which his experience as a lawyer was invaluable in straightening out many legal kinks. He knew what claims meant in his experience as a damage suit lawyer.

The two things which have absorbed his interest have been legislation affecting farmers and labor, and the preservation of the historic Navy Yard at Charleston, although he is on record as opposed in every way to war and large military appropriations. He has been of great help to many ex-service men, especially those who went overseas, and though he modestly explains that he has been lucky in these matters—back of this luck is the same tireless energy and push which has always characterized the busy days in the life of W. Turner Logan.

In his office at Washington there are evidences of the same thoughtful interest for others. Every letter is answered on the day received, and no complication interferes with his seeing to it in person, if necessary to obtain results, and he never spares himself to make personal visits to the Departments on behalf of anyone who has the distinction of being one of his constituents.

* * * *

AND instance of the cordial relations existing between this country and Brazil—our sister-republic to the South—was the reception accorded Secretary Hughes on his arrival at Rio de Janeiro to attend the opening of the Brazilian Centennial Exposition. As President Harding's representative and the chief of the American diplomatic mission to the Exposition, it might naturally be expected that his arrival at Rio would have been signalized by due and fitting recognition of his official station. But his reception when he landed on the Admiralty quay, escorted by Ambassador Morgan and representatives of the Brazilian foreign office who had boarded the *Maryland* on its arrival in the harbor, was more in the nature of a popular demonstration. A huge (Continued on page 196)

Welcoming Brazil as a Centenarian

Dom Pedro II, Brazil's Emperor, was the only foreign ruler at our own one hundredth birthday in 1876, and now Uncle Sam sends Secretary Hughes and a commission to join in the Exposition of our brother

WHILE interest in matters international heretofore has swung Europe-ward, just now all eyes are turning to South America. The government of the United States, through an Act of Congress signed by the President, appropriated one million dollars for our participation in the Brazilian Centennial Exposition, which is to open in Rio de Janeiro on the seventh of September.

This Exposition is regarded in Washington as one of the events of supreme importance of the year, and international interest has focused upon Brazil at the White House and through the various departments, realizing as they do that our future relations with South America depend upon how well we carry out in good faith our pledge to the people of Brazil.

It is a matter of interest not only to diplomats, but to business men, and to everyone who has something to sell or who wants to

buy, because the information that will come from Brazil while this exposition is in progress will permeate into America more than ever the importance of the empire country of South America.

Then there is a certain friendly sentiment reaching back to the time of our own Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, when Dom Pedro II.

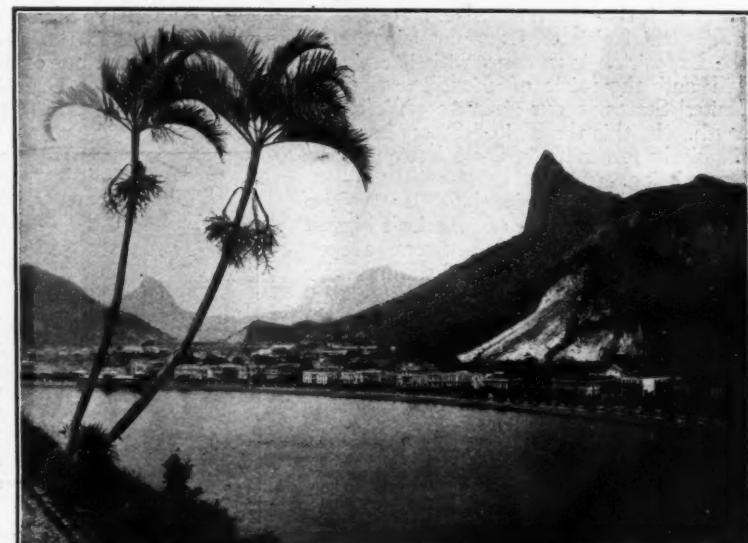


Photo by Reginald Gorham

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL. This picture shows Rio de Janeiro from the bay, the sharply outlined mountain peak in the background being Corcovado—the "Hunch-back"—from the top of which may be seen one of the most beautiful panoramic views in the world

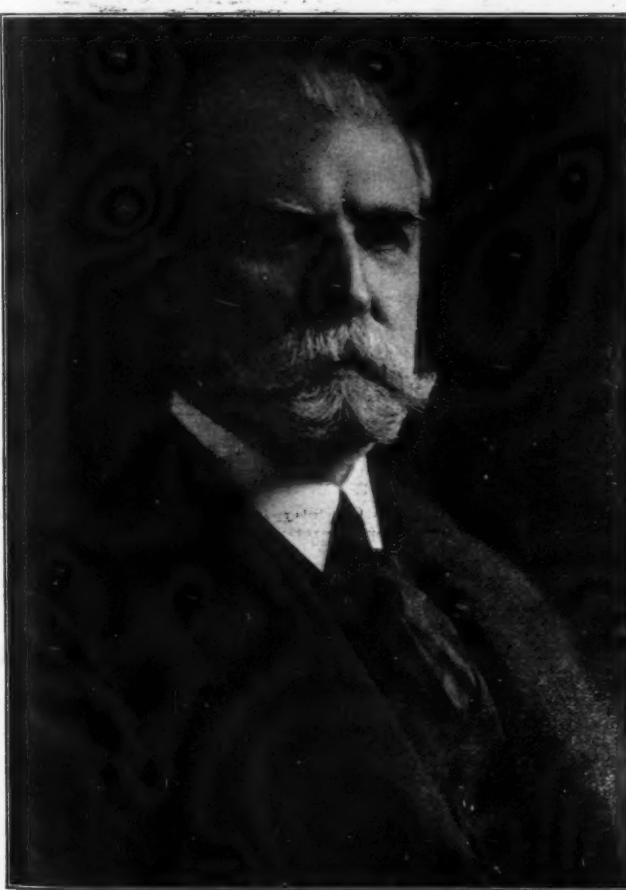
then Emperor of Brazil, was the only foreign ruler who visited our Centennial, and the warship that brought this hero was the only foreign war vessel that saluted "Old Glory" on that momentous occasion; on the anniversary of the day when Liberty rang out the note of hope to all nations of the earth, and on which occasion General Ulysses S. Grant, the silent martyr, spoke the four words, not inopportune in these days—"Let us have Peace."

It was then for the first time that Dom Pedro locked upon the wonders of America's national industries in their infancy. It was then he saw the great Bartholdi statue; and it was then Alexander Graham Bell, disheartened and discouraged with his "tov" telephone, had packed up and prepared to leave the Exposition; it was the encouragement and inspiration of this kindly Brazilian which is said to have given him

the heart to go on with the development of his invention.

These facts ought to be more generally known to the American youth as well as to the American people, because it forms the basis of a trade relationship of paramount importance.

It is no wonder that Congress heartily and enthusiastically accepted the invitation to participate in Brazil's Centennial Exposition, but there was a man who had the idea and who worked upon it early and late—who was known as a successful exposition man, and who had made four trips to Brazil and had learned to love Brazil and her people. When he first presented the matter of the Brazilian Exposition to the committee of sixteen, there were fifteen whose reactions were against it, because they had not given it thought, and because of the need of economy at that time, but when the facts and general conditions were ably explained to them, they voted unanimously for our participation. This committee of their own accord unanimously endorsed him, and it was therefore the logical thing that President Harding should select Colonel David C. Collier as Commissioner-General to the Exposition. The President had before him the evidence of the work that Colonel Collier had done, he had the successful record that Colonel Collier had made at the San Diego Exposition in 1915, and the endorsement of the most prominent men in America.



SECRETARY of State Charles Evans Hughes, who heads the diplomatic delegation of the United States which joins in congratulating Brazil on her one hundredth birthday

In February last Colonel Collier sailed for Brazil, and never has American enterprise and activity been more effectively demonstrated to our neighbors of the south. This is evidenced by the mass of newspaper reports coming from every paper in Brazil, with their enthusiastic appreciation of the participation of the United States in this event, which means so much to them. The collection of these clippings alone is invaluable in the archives of the State Department, evidencing much more than an exchange of mere polite words, because it is that sort of publicity that brings and begets business. For, after all, we might as well admit that this is a business proposition.

The chief object of our participation in the Exposition is to carry with it the good will and the spirit of friendliness of the United States to our sister republic of the south. In this the United States has been singularly fortunate in the selection of the Commission.

Associated with Colonel Collier is John H. Kirby of Texas, one of America's biggest business men and manufacturers, a man who has been accustomed to handling large affairs with broad vision, and whose personality of itself is a stamp of integrity, as evidenced in long years of active business experience. Mr. Kirby is president of the Kirby Lumber Company, a ten-million-dollar concern, and has other large interests. He is also president of the Southern Tariff

Association, of the National Lumbermen's Association, and of the Southern Pine Association. When the President asked Mr. Kirby to serve on this Commission, the latter was loath to take a salary, and told President Harding that he would never personally utilize one cent, but would donate it to some worthy charity.

Especially fortunate was President Harding in securing the services of Mrs. Henrietta W. Livermore of New York, the first woman ever appointed on a Commission in the history of this country. She entered the work with zest and enthusiasm, and prior to sailing for Brazil in July she made eighty or ninety speeches concerning the work and enlisted the interest not only of the business men, but of women throughout the country in the Exposition, more especially directing her efforts toward school



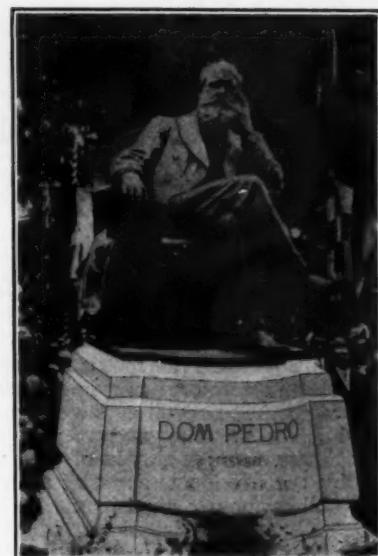
COLONEL DAVID C. COLLIER, who clearly pointed out the importance of Brazil's Centennial Exposition and the vital reasons why the United States should participate actively. He was selected by President Harding as Commissioner-General to the Exposition



THE first woman ever appointed on a Commission in the history of the United States. Mrs. Henrietta W. Livermore of New York, who made nearly a hundred speeches about the importance of the Exposition to America before she sailed for Brazil

teachers and women's clubs, who keenly appreciate what this Exposition means in its educational aspects. Mrs. Livermore is now in Brazil at the request of President Harding, familiarizing herself with conditions there in order to be able to tell of the progress of the work when she returns to this country. She has undertaken the task in a true missionary spirit and her addresses and articles are awaited with great interest. Before leaving for Brazil, Mrs. Livermore lunched at the White House and was given Godspeed on her mission.

Perhaps it is not amiss to mention here in relation to women's work in connection with this Exposition, that the wife of the President of Brazil, Mme. Epitacio Pessoa; and the wife of the Prefeito of Rio de Janeiro, Mme. Carlos Sampaio, participated in the ceremonies at the laying of the cornerstone of the American building in Rio de



Cliche da Liga Maritima
DOM PEDRO II. As a tribute to this man alone America has reason to join heartily in the birthday exposition. As Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro was the only foreign ruler who attended our own Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876

Janeiro. This is the first time in the history of Brazil, if our information is correct, in which a Brazilian lady has participated in a public function of this kind. This is also a further evidence of the friendly relations between the representatives of the United States and the Brazilians.

Richard P. Momsen, who is acting as Deputy Commissioner-General in Rio de Janeiro in the absence of Colonel Collier in the United States, is an attorney of much prominence in Brazil. He went to Rio de Janeiro twelve years ago as American Vice-Consul, and during the war, after the tragic disappearance of Consul General Gottschalk and the ill-fated *Cyclops*, Mr. Momsen became the Acting Consul-General. His record is unique in that he is the only American who has ever mastered the Portuguese language and Brazilian law sufficiently to pass the bar examination in Brazil, and he is one of the two persons foreign to Brazil having a license to practise law in that country.

William Grant Stevens, another Commissioner residing in Brazil, is representative of the mercantile interests of this country in Brazil, having gone there twelve years ago as manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Company for Brazil. He has made that company the best known manufacturing industry in all the wide reaches of Brazil. Mr. Stevens is president of the American Chamber of Commerce for Brazil, with headquarters at Rio de Janeiro.

Hon. J. Butler Wright was appointed as a Commissioner on July 1, 1922, to succeed Frank A. Harrison, resigned. Mr. Wright was born in Irvington, New York, was graduated from Princeton. First engaged in banking in New York City, later in farming in Wyoming. On competitive examination was appointed Secretary of the Legation at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, in 1909, and was Charge d'Affaires there in 1911; Secretary to Legation at Brussels, 1912; Secretary to the Embassy in Rio de Janeiro, 1913; Chief Latin American Affairs

State Department, Washington, 1915; Counselor American Embassy, Petrograd, 1916; Counselor American Embassy, London, 1918; Technical Adviser and Member of American Secretariat to Conference on the Limitation of Armament, 1921-22; appointed Commissioner on the Commission of the United States of America to the Brazilian Exposition, July 19, 1922. Mr. Wright sailed for Rio de Janeiro on August fifth.

Great crises surely develop the man. Brazil is fortunate in having Dr. Carlos Sampaio, the Prefeito of Rio de Janeiro, who would be a great man in any country, as the man who has charge of the construction program of the Exposition. And to assure any critic or doubter, he has promised that on the opening day he will present the finished gem of an Exposition differing from other Expositions, not in size, but in quality, in that the interior of the buildings will be as highly and ornately decorated as the exterior. Among his striking achievements is the utilization of the old arsenal and fortress of Calabouzo as an Exposition building. He has transformed this grim old structure with a magic wand into one of the most beautiful, and surely the most interesting Exposition structure in the world. It was built in 1760 and housed



J. BUTLER WRIGHT, Commissioner from the United States to the Exposition, whose experience with the State Department includes service at Honduras, Rio de Janeiro, Brussels and London, besides, of course, Washington, D. C.

Portuguese colonial troops and military supplies years before our Declaration of Independence.

Realizing the importance of this Exposition and the permanence of the building

to be constructed and thereafter used as our Embassy, President Harding selected as the architect for this important task his personal friend, Mr. Frank L. Packard, of Columbus, Ohio, with whose ability and integrity he was thoroughly familiar, and whom he sent to Rio de Janeiro as his personal representative to look over the ground and familiarize himself with conditions previous to the selection of the site for our building.

It is not often that the grounds for an exposition are so located that it is desirable that the buildings later be used as permanent structures, but fortunately in this case the setting is such that our Embassy will be located on the famous Avenida Beira Mar, within a stone's throw of the Avenida Rio Branco, the principal thoroughfare in Rio de Janeiro, and in the shadow of the Monroe Palace, the palatial building erected by the Brazilian government at the St. Louis Exposition, which was at the close of the Exposition taken to Brazil and reconstructed as a permanent building to house the Congress of the Republic of Brazil.

The American building faces the bay and the entrance to the largest and most beautiful harbor in the world, and in a location where every vessel entering the harbor can salute the American flag.

The one million dollars appropriated by Congress for the Brazilian centennial commission to expend on a suitable building and exhibits from the United States does not allow for exhibits by private firms. So far as the government was concerned, only the activities of the United States government would be represented in Brazil despite the fact that foreign governments appropriated funds to cover the expense of private industrial exhibits entered by business houses. In order to guarantee American business an adequate representation, a company was formed in New York and last month construction was begun on an American Industrial Exhibition Building. As the Brazilian government will recognize no exhibits which are not officially sanctioned by the participating governments, Colonel D. C. Collier, commissioner general of the Brazilian centennial commission, has requested Secretary Hughes to approve the American Industrial Exhibition.

The space in the American Industrial Building has been virtually taken up already by a number of well known business firms in the United States, who are seeking to build up their trade in the southern continent. Their entries are expected to compare favorably with those of European concerns, which are said to be taking a keen interest in the Brazilian Exposition as a means of forwarding their South American interests.

The United States is interested in this Exposition much more than in its own participation, and the reports recently received indicate that everything will be complete



ONE of America's big business men associated with Commissioner-General of the United States delegation. John H. Kirby, eminent Southern lumber man, who has rendered valuable service to the Commission

and in readiness for the eventful day—September seventh.

The United States is the only nation that has been honored with the distinction of having offices furnished gratis in the same building with the Brazilian Exposition authorities in the National Library in Rio de Janeiro.

To His Excellency, the Honorable Augusto de Alencar, the man who so well represents Brazil in the capacity of ambassador in Washington, is due the credit of the brilliant suggestion that the Exposition Building of the United States Government at Rio de Janeiro, after the close of the Exposition, be used as the United States Embassy there. It is interesting to note here that this is the first embassy that has ever been erected by

the United States, and one of the three owned by the United States in foreign countries. This is also indicative of the permanent value of the Exposition and the permanent relations which it creates. The importance and sincerity of the friendship between the United States and Brazil cannot be better illustrated than by citing the instance that the President of Brazil, the Honorable Epitacio Pessoa, personally designated Senor Sebastiao Sampaio, the Brazilian Commercial Attaché to the United States, to make a tour of the United States carrying the news of the Exposition to the commercial bodies and extending to them the invitation to visit Brazil. Senor Sampaio has been called to Brazil by President Pessoa to assist in receiving American visitors to the Exposition. He sailed for Rio de Janeiro on August 5th.

The erection of the American Industrial Building by private enterprise is considered a happy solution to a rather difficult problem which presented itself at the outset to American officials in charge of the United States representation at the Exposition. With no authority and lacking the necessary funds to provide for exhibits by American business houses the Brazilian Commission was unable to offer competition in this respect with foreign governments. But with the financing undertaken by American business men, backed by official recognition of the government this obstacle has been overcome.

President Harding has appointed a diplomatic delegation for the celebration of the Centennial (September 7th), the personnel of which consists of: Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes; Admiral Hillary P. Jones, U. S. N.; General Robert L. Bullard, U. S. A.; Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of *Saturday Evening Post*, etc.; Congressman Stephen G. Porter, of Pennsylvania, chairman Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. David Goodwillie, of Chicago, was appointed secretary to this diplomatic delegation.

The U. S. S. *Maryland*, one of the newest and largest ships of our navy, will go to Rio de Janeiro, and the official delegation will be carried into the harbor aboard this vessel. The U. S. S. *Nevada* will also go to Brazil, carrying one hundred and fifty Marines, including a Marine Band of forty-



CORNERSTONE ceremonies at the American Building, Brazilian Centennial Exposition, Rio de Janeiro, June 6, 1922. This view shows cornerstone of native granite weighing two and a fifth tons raised and in readiness for the mortar. Mme. Epitacio Pessoa, wife of the President of the Republic of Brazil (First Lady of the Land), is shown standing to the right with silver trowel made especially for the occasion, suitably engraved and afterwards presented to Mme. Pessoa by the American Commission to the Brazilian Centennial Exposition. Chairman S. L. Crosby, Charge d'Affaires, United States Embassy, is to right; to his left is Dr. J. F. Chaves, Minister of Justice and the Interior, one of the speakers of the day; by his side is Mme. Carlos Sampaio, wife of the Mayor. To the left of the derrick is Admiral Jose C. de Carvalho of the Brazilian navy, and his secretary, J. P. Mattoso Maia, in uniform on extreme left between whom and to the front is Dr. Carlos Sampaio, Mayor of Rio de Janeiro. At the extreme rear of platform are W. L. Schurz, Commercial Attaché; R. P. Momsen, Acting Commissioner-General; Alphonse Gaulin, United States Consul General for Brazil; George Sweeney of Columbus, Ohio, architect; Captain E. P. Erckenbrack, General Agent for the United States Shipping Board

eight pieces, to furnish music for the United States government building. These marines will camp either on or near the Exposition grounds.

Commander L. D. Causey, U. S. N., has been appointed Naval Aide to Colonel Collier for the duration of the Exposition.

J. H. Hamlen, Commissioner from the State of Maine to the Brazilian Exposition, recently returned from a tour which took him through the West Indies to South America and Europe, where he studied

trade conditions, especially as they bear upon commerce between the United States and South America.

Mr. Hamlen believes the coming Brazilian Exposition will be the rival of any that was ever held in the United States or Europe, and he believes that proper American representation there is necessary if we are to maintain the close and friendly relations which now exist between the United States and the Latin American republics. His study of conditions in South America has made Mr. Hamlen a firm believer in the necessity of a subsidized American Merchant Marine.

"Brazil as a country has always been most interested and loyal toward the United States," Mr. Hamlen said, "notwithstanding that heretofore some of the other countries in South America have not been of the same feeling, largely owing to the strong German element which has always existed there and which, to a certain extent, continues, with the result that Germany in the future is likely to be a most aggressive competitor in all lines of business, especially after its merchant marine becomes re-established."

"I would like to see more personal interest taken by our manufacturers and exporters in creating interest in these southern republics for the American products which we can manufacture in competition with Europe. But the first requisite is for this country to establish a permanent and economical merchant (Continued on page 197)



HOTEL CENTRAL, Rio De Janeiro, standing on the waterfront called Praia do Flamengo. From its front windows one enjoys a splendid view of Guanabara Bay and the harbor entrance

A career based on amazing energy

When Northcliffe was Plain "A. Harmsworth"

He answered an unexpressed demand of the English people for something new in publications, and finally, as owner of "The Thunderer," exerted overwhelming influence on public sentiment

IN 1895 I walked the streets of London with the manuscript of a novel peeping out of my hip pocket. I was looking for a publisher and some advice. At that time Alfred Harmsworth was in the flush of his first great success. The periodical called *Answers*, containing a life insurance policy for every individual who possessed a copy, had caught the public fancy; then, too, it contained a series of replies to the queries that were uppermost in the popular mind at that time. For the love-sick swain and the discouraged inventor, there was some sort of an answer.

Naturally I went to him. He was a ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed young man. A few years in America in newspaper work had filled him with American ideas. He always welcomed a brother newspaperman from overseas. We talked far into the

to strike hard at the top. Tell Mr. Chatto the story of your manuscript and start to make a quick exit. He will call you back. Then sell him and sell him quick, for you have a story that he can sell."

I found Mr. Andrew Chatto in the old office at St. Martin's-in-the-Lane. He gave me a quick look and one glance at the manuscript. "Come in at ten on Tuesday," he replied.

I was there on Tuesday and Mr. Andrew Chatto gave me another quick glance and then a check for one hundred pounds. "I can only make you a small advance," he said. He could have had it for a shilling!

The check was promptly cashed in Old Bond Street.

That is the story of my novel, "The Minor Chord."

I then returned to the office of Alfred Harmsworth.

In later years I sat in his office on Arundel Street. He was then in the thick of the fight in his great work of creating the *London Daily Mail*. As some of the people entered, they addressed me as Mr. Harmsworth. I was flattered and told him about it. He laughingly asked, "When did you begin combing your hair over your right ear, as I do?"

Luckily I had the photographs to prove that it preceded the time when he appeared that way.

While his American friends had anticipated for him a great career, they little realized what fate had in store for the intrepid Harmsworth. He was the prophet crying out in the wilderness long before the German war cloud broke. Courageous and fearless to a fault, he became an empire builder. It was his influence that made Lloyd George Premier of Great Britain, at one of the most critical times in English history. Later on Harmsworth broke with Lloyd George, but he could not unmake the career he had made possible for the little wizard of Wales. He became Sir Alfred Harmsworth and was later raised to the peerage with the title Lord Northcliff.

During the war Lord Northcliff visited America and did more than any other one man in directing public sentiment here toward favoring joining the allies in their life and death struggle. He was a publicist in the broadest sense of the word, and perhaps no man in the world in private life without official power has exerted such an influence upon the affairs of Great Britain and the world at large. He made a trip around the world and visioned his hopes upon the clear understanding of the English-speaking people.

Born in Ireland, he was a patriot to the core and backed Lloyd George in the crea-

tion of the Irish Free State without reservation. He died at the early age of fifty-eight in the prime of his manhood. He never hesitated to pay the price in accomplishing his purpose. He was a crusader who never



A recent photo of Lord Northcliffe, whose career was cut short when he was fifty-eight



Alfred Harmsworth, the ambitious young publisher whose dream of owning "The Thunderer" came true

night and because he was a man of action, he had me working while we talked—reading proofs and helping him catch up with his manuscript.

His advice to me in disposing of my manuscript was unerring. He directed me to Mr. Andrew Chatto, of Chatto and Windus, who were Hall Caine's, Wilkie Collins' and Charles Reade's, publishers. "Is that publishing house strong enough for you?" he asked. "It is always my motto

tilted his lance against windmills, but shot swift and sure toward the shining mark. Lord Northcliff was loved in America, where he revealed his most human side and reveled in the experiences of his early days as a newspaper man in the United States, which he often insisted had much to do with shaping his career.

His dream of one day owning the *London Times*, the "thunderer," came true. He exemplified, more than any other man of his time, the power of the pen and the newspaper to direct the affairs of nations and the world at large. All too soon was he cut down in the midst of his great work, in helping to shape the very destiny of all the peoples of the earth in adjustment to the new order of things.

You Can't "Sit Tight" and Win

E. Frederick Cullen's friends advised him to do so when business conditions slumped in 1920. Instead he built a larger factory for the Johnson Educator Food Company, and by creative salesmanship, has been smashing sales records ever since

ANY reporter will tell you about the lure of the newspaper game. If you are a newspaper man yourself you know just what it means. There is zest in the city room of a large newspaper which vitalizes all and merges them into one big family. The perpetual rush is more than a nervous struggle for speed merely. It is work with a heart in it. Each clever "scoop" or last minute story squeezed into the "Final" helps make up a product in which all take real pride. Reporters worship their papers.

The other day I went into a business office which for all the world breathed the true newspaper atmosphere. It isn't often that one finds the newspaper atmosphere in a business office. Maybe that is why the personnel in the average office changes repeatedly, whereas the old adage "Once a newspaper man, always a newspaper man," has become an axiom.

I was seeking an interview with E. Frederick Cullen, president of the Johnson Educator Food Company at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was exactly four weeks and six days since I had first sought an appointment by letter. The officers of the Educator Company are busy in constructive business building. Every clerk in the office radiates that spirit.

Presently Mr. Cullen invited me into his office. He was wearing the long white coat of the baker, for although he has been an executive for many years with three of the most prominent biscuit manufacturers in the country—the National Biscuit Company, makers of "Uneeda," the Loose-Wiles Company, and the concern of which he is now president—he maintains active daily touch with every step in the manufacturing process. Tall and heavily set, he radiates vitality. His eyes are blue and keen and the touches of gray hair in the brown seem to add to the vigor which emanates from him. Never in his life has he smoked or taken a drink of intoxicating liquor.

"To breathe well, to think well, and to eat well is to live well," is one of his mottos.

"There is a remarkable atmosphere here," I said, indicating the office force outside his door.

"Everybody says that," he replied.

Blackboards indicated contests under way among the sales force and drivers. The office radiated system. The employees seemed to be vitalized with the joy of working under pressure, yet not just to get things done. They acted as though they were a part of an intangible soul permeating the business. It was for all the world like a newspaper city room with a perpetual next edition always ready for the press.

"It is a comparatively new organization,



ENERGY and neatness are two mighty important elements in success, E. F. Cullen points out. Because he kept his shoes polished and his trousers pressed and took an interest in serving the passengers on his trolley car, an executive of a big biscuit company offered him a job. It was helping the driver of one of the wagons. Today Mr. Cullen is president of the Johnson Educator Food Company at Cambridge, and his entire force is imbued with the spirit of constructive salesmanship

built up entirely within the past eighteen months," Mr. Cullen said. "We moved from the factory at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and comparatively few of our former employees followed us here.

"There is a spirit of friendliness and vigor. Each one has his or her particular task, yet all are grouped quite intimately, so that if anyone needs help, it's 'Hey, Bill,' or 'Hey, Jess.' That can't help but promote morale.

"The same spirit permeates the factory and the sales force. Creative salesmanship, in fact, has been the basis of our growth. Any salesman who enters a store and asks 'Want any biscuits today,' is not even a salesman, much less a creative salesman. He is trusting to luck to get an order and his days are numbered.

"I have never deviated from my policy of creative salesmanship. The result has been that in one company an annual deficit of \$50,000 was turned into an annual profit of more than \$200,000 within three years.

"In my present company, we started ten years ago with an annual volume of about \$200,000 which had taken twenty-six years to build up, but the startling factor was that although the gross profit on competitive lines of biscuits was about 38 per cent, the cost of doing business was 42 per cent. Figure out the ultimate result of this state of affairs yourself. Our volume today is over one million dollars, and as soon as this new plant is in full operation, it will be about three million dollars.

"Over thirty years ago, Dr. William L. Johnson perfected, after exhaustive experiments, the Educator Cracker, containing all the good of the wheat and baked so that it could not be swallowed without thorough mastication. It recommended itself to every physician, dentist and food expert because it fulfilled all food requirements and in addition gave the teeth the proper exercise and relieved the digestive organs of work they were never intended to perform.

"But this was a self-limited field. Most people are healthy. They don't consider the health factor in buying crackers and wafers—they consider the taste.

"So I decided that without sacrificing the food values which Dr. Johnson had always emphasized, our line could be broadened enormously.

"I was then general manager of the Educator Company. We made some experiments. The first result was a chocolate biscuit with cream filling, almost like candy—very rich and fine I thought. When I submitted it to the president, he took one bite and threw it into the waste basket.

"'Too rich,' he said. 'It would kill a man.'

"'The kids will eat them with both hands.' I countered. He let me go ahead in my own way. We sold thirty-six thousand pounds of that biscuit in thirty days. Creative salesmanship—again.

"We have catered to taste and discrimination. The reputation for quality and dependability, established by Dr. Johnson years ago, has continued."

On the opposite wall hung a huge map of greater Boston and vicinity, spotted by numerous red pins. It looked for all the world like one of the maps seen during the war which outlined the progress of a campaign on the western front in France, and I said so.

"It is a campaign map," Mr. Cullen agreed. "a campaign map which shows the day to day progress in personal solicitation



WHERE men are vitalized with the joy of work. President Cullen instilling his ideas of creative salesmanship into a group of salesmen. "The man who says, 'Want any biscuits today?' isn't a salesman at all," he says. "His days are numbered. You must create your sales." So completely have the Johnson Educator Food Company force reflected this vigorous spirit that the volume of business is five times what it was ten years ago. Like any general, Cullen keeps a "war map" dotted with markers to show what each lieutenant is selling

of all possible dealers in our territory. It's a check-up on our creative salesmanship. There are continuous contests to push sales. Scores are posted each week and the high-point salesman receives four seats in the front row at the theatre; the next man gets two seats twenty rows back; the third two seats in the balcony, the fourth, two seats in the back row of the balcony; the fifth, two seats in the gallery. These are all for the same performance and we have a lot of fun out of these company theatre parties. Each man turns around between acts and points out the man he licked behind him and so on up to the gallery. And the man with the gallery seats has to go. If he stayed away he would never hear the last of it.

"When we decided to build our new factory here at Cambridge, there was considerable skepticism and opposition. It was in 1920, at the very lowest level of business depression and it looked as if the bottom had dropped right out of everything. The most frequent advice I heard was 'If you have any money, bank it and sit tight.'

"But we went ahead with the building and the first year in it our business forged ahead of anything previous. Now, in our second year, business is gathering still greater impetus and we will again far outdo all previous records. It means more than merely being successful, in a time of depression. It means that now, with conditions generally on the up grade, we have a big

'head start,' as we used to say when we were boys. Every boy realizes the value of a head start when he is going to run a race, but not every business man remembers that lesson.

"Some business men say, 'Wait until the depression is over and then we will all have good times again.' They may be fooling themselves. The time to get business is now. If a business man waits until times are good for everybody, he may find that the cream of the business has been absorbed by someone more energetic. Getting a head start counts among business men the same way it does among boys."

In the Cambridge factory the most efficient and sanitary baking methods are carried out on an enormous scale. Dough is mixed in the gaping machines for each one of the hundred and forty varieties in quantities that would make the big ten-loaf baking of a housewife look small indeed. Other intricate machines spread the dough to the proper thickness, cut it accurately to the proper size and shape, and emboss the name upon it with the delicacy of the engraver of social stationery. Then the biscuits or wafers enter the baking process.

Picture to yourself a Ferris Wheel, for all the world like those at Coney Island or the County Fair—not so tall, but much wider. Instead of seats for merry-making passengers there are broad flat trays. On these the cookies are placed, and on the trip around the Ferris Wheel they pass through an enormous

oven, heated at just the right temperature. When they complete their journey, they have been transformed into crisp, toothsome, deliciously edible cookies. Perpetually the Ferris Wheel takes on its new load of passengers and discharges those which have completed the trip.

Some distance from Mr. Cullen's office a steady stream of tin cartons, brilliantly burnished and attractively labeled, moved on endless belts out to the trucks which carried them to the consumer. The tins were fully as attractive as the wafers within. Each passes through a complete process of acid baths and scouring, steaming and washing, and comes out scientifically sterilized. Even the new cans which have never held a biscuit are subjected to this process. After the can is cleansed, it is polished and burnished on rapidly revolving wheels, similar to those used by the shoemaker when he smooths the edge of the heel of your shoe. An Educator Biscuit is proud of its home.

"Cleanliness and neatness have many rewards," Mr. Cullen says. "Twenty years ago when I was conductor on the trolley line between Braintree and Weymouth, Massachusetts, where I was born, many of my fellow workers thought me crazy because I kept my shoes shined and my trousers pressed, wore a white collar and washed my hands at the end of each run. Some of them called me a dude."

"But that neatness helped get me my first job with the National (Continued on page 198)

"I have done the State some service"—OTHELO, ACT V, SCENE 2

Obstacles Mean Nothing to Governor Nestos

The story of a Norwegian lad who entered first grade of the public schools at sixteen, who succeeded at the practice of law, and who recently became North Dakota's chief executive

WHEN a man who has been a member of a legislature, state attorney, and prominently interested in library work for a number of years, will cross the Atlantic Ocean in the steerage of a big vessel to help secure the election of a friend as governor of his state, it shows a remarkable interest in politics and the true bent of statesmanship. That is what R. A. Nestos did in the North Dakota campaign of 1920.

The story of this man, himself present governor of North Dakota, after being selected by unanimous vote to make the race by the independent voters of his state, is a romance of perseverance, which begins with his arrival as a boy from Norway at Philadelphia, with assets totaling eighty-five cents in cash, a lunch of hardtack, and a broken butter container from which all his butter had escaped.

Today Governor Nestos is making a name for himself that touches far beyond the bounds of his state by his vigorous and clear-sighted policies of administration and his whole-hearted support of every measure which will give North Dakota, already the granary of the world, a still greater place in the sun.

Ragnvald A. Nestos was born in Voss, in the mountain regions of Norway, about seventy miles east of the town of Bergen, on April 12th, 1877. In the truly spiritual atmosphere of this home, family devotions were held twice daily. His father was a farmer and a lay-preacher as well, and the boy, one of the older of the ten children, early began his duties on the farm. His summers were spent tending cattle in the mountains near a beautiful lake well stocked with trout, and his duties, herding the cattle, were relieved by frequent fishing and berrying expeditions.

When he arrived in the United States in 1893, he neither spoke nor understood a word of English.

With all the ambition of a boy of sixteen he made light of the fact that eighty-five cents was all the money he had in the world, and gloried in the other fact that he had sufficient hardtack to last him until his arrival in Dakota. He soon got a chance to work in the hay fields for seventy-five cents a day, and before long was harvesting and threshing at wages almost twice as high. With what he earned he paid back the money owed for his ticket, bought some clothes, and got ready for school.

In November he started in the first grade at Buxton, doing chores



EIGHTY-FIVE cents and some pieces of hard tack was all R. A. Nestos had when he first saw America. He lived on \$2 a week while attending college. As governor of North Dakota, he is carrying out the ideals of his state for progress

during the week, and working in his uncle's harness shop on Saturdays. His progress was slow, indeed, until a new superintendent, Professor Irving McDonald, took charge,



GOVERNOR NESTOS addressing an audience of Dakota cowboys in picturesque garb

and through his interest and encouragement he made rapid progress. It was this same professor who, after Nestos had participated in his first debate, told him some day he would do well as a public speaker.

For a short time he worked in Wisconsin lumber camps, and later at Minneapolis, and then returned to Buxton, took the teacher's examination and taught a term of school nearby. He soon entered the normal school, and, alternately teaching and studying, graduated at Mayville in 1900.

Here he came in contact with Joseph Carheart, the president, who proved to be the greatest inspirational source in his life. Professor Carheart, previously of DePauw University, had counted among his pupils and admirers former Senator Beveridge, Attorney Wilkinson of Chicago, who is Judge Landis' successor as federal judge, Professor Moore of the University of Chicago, and Senators James Watson and New of Indiana. It was tough sledding, financially, for Nestos during these years. With three others he joined in renting rooms, and the four boys prepared their own meals during the whole of the school year. The total cost to each of their housekeeping activities averaged \$2 per week.

Then he entered the University of Wisconsin, after filing on a homestead in Pierce County, North Dakota. At Wisconsin his interest in debating grew, and he founded a new literary society. While he was still a student he was offered the appointment as legislative reference librarian of Wisconsin to organize the department, but declined it and the next fall entered the law department of the University of North Dakota.

Here again he was prominent in debating.

In the summer he returned to his childhood home in Norway to visit his mother, besides touring many other countries in Europe. He returned and completed his law work, and upon graduation began practice at Minot, in partnership with C. A. Johnson, who in 1906 and 1908 was the Republican nominee for governor. He became interested in political and civic affairs, and was elected to the legislature in 1910. He was chairman of the Committee on Taxation and member of the Board selected for the purpose of trying the impeachment of a district judge.

In 1912 he was elected State Attorney, serving from 1913 until 1916. Here he proved a vigorous disciple of law. *Continued on page 196*

He truly served the test of fire

Turning Misfortune Into Opportunity

L. C. Prior had just achieved his ambition of becoming a hotel manager when fire swept his pajama-clad guests into a bitter night. His "Business as Usual" sign in the debris and ashes proved him equal to unusual responsibilities

ONCE upon a time" there lived in the historic town of Revere, Massachusetts, a boy by the name of Lerman C. Prior. He was wholly free and detached from any incumbency of "a vision" of which the up-to-date novel would accuse its hero in encountering his star of destiny. He was not blessed with "a vision," merely with a faculty for keenness in finding what was really rare and genuine in an antique shop. The whole career of the man who now owns two of the busiest hotels in Boston was sketched and drawn to a climax by a multitude of little things which attracted the attention of a wide-awake employer.

Mr. Prior was educated in the Boston public schools. He donned a uniform and reported daily for duty in a school regiment, serving four years later in Old Battery A, First Heavy Artillery. In his office in the Lenox Hotel, one of his houses, he has framed a good many pictures and what-nots of American people. He calls them his "Passing Show of All Times." Through many of these portraits he is able to trace the course of his career. No, he is not the hero who insists he is a "self-made" man, a natural sunflower. But, on the other hand, his career cannot be likened to the small boy who wanted his big brother to push him all the way down the toboggan-slide. Mr. Prior did not "arrive" by this method of traveling.

Not only figuratively, but actually as well, did Mr. Prior go through "fire and brimstone" to acquire what he now manages. There is an exceptional "best-seller" attached to the story of how the Lenox blazed away one cold night, five years ago, sweeping all of its inmates, pajama-clad, into a bitter night.

The conflagration occurred two years after Mr. Prior had succeeded in establishing a right to sign himself "president and managing director" on all documents pertaining to hotel budgets. He had just fairly baptized the Lenox with a change in the name of the management when a fire entered, uninvited, to be sure. Then this able captain gathered his greatly perturbed little band of guests and made them as comfortable as the sudden change in circumstances would permit. Further, he inserted an ad in the Boston papers which read as follows:

HOTEL LENOX
BOSTON'S TESTED FIREPROOF HOTEL
BUSINESS AS USUAL

which rather bowled over a few in-town pedestrians, who, in passing by noted its sorry condition. As John Kendrick Bangs describes one of Andrew Lang's characters in "Over the Plum Pudding," that of a dragon who breaks through Mr. Kipling's stories, makes a meal of the latter's literary characters, and the next morning is found dead, so great was the monster's greed, so did Mr. Prior "make a meal" of Boston's incredulity, and so effectively sweep the natives off their feet as to bring them into that same hotel, *tout ensemble*. Kipling's characters, taken as a meal, were too much for the dragon. So



NOT everybody can successfully run a hotel—though pretty nearly everybody thinks he could. L. C. Prior, given an opportunity, demonstrated that he not merely thought he could run an hotel, but could actually make a striking success of it. Now he is the owner of two of Boston's most popular and up-to-date caravansaries

was Mr. Prior's ambition altogether too astounding a thing for an orderly Boston-and-vicinity patronage.

The host, upon assuring his guests that no charge would be made for them against their names in the register for a period of two months, found later that he had gathered together the fragments of a wonderful possibility in re-establishing business. Guests flocked to him.

With equal foresight did he attack the "Brunswick" question, before this hotel changed hands (it is located in the very heart of busy and sedate Boston). Many were the gay and light-hearted knitting parties that engrossed its guests. For forty years this noble edifice housed ambassadors and salesmen, Sarah Bernhardts and Carusos, Senators and saints. It was of a sort, the pillar of propriety.

Then came an event in the shape of Mr. Prior and his suggestion of constructing an "Egyptian Room," where youth and merriment would be given a chance to voice its sentiments. If your local historian (he must have arrived at an age over forty-five to be sure) could but consult mental records, he would find that the Brunswick of today is hardly the Brunswick of 1876 or even of 1916. It is a house which now carries the

crest of an owl on its furniture and over its doorways and porticos. It carries an atmosphere of up-to-dateness and thoroughness of detail. The Owl has been adopted as the hotel trademark because the Brunswick was the first house in Boston to establish the "night clerk" in his proper precinct.

Mr. Prior tells us:

"Notwithstanding the entrance of the nightly jazz element into our house, we found that our old and very reliable patrons stayed on—because we had not forgotten them in this reconstruction of housing plans. Instead of checking 'out,' as some anticipated, they formed a little circle, and each evening near the Egyptian Room enjoyed themselves watching the arrival of each dancing couple. They called themselves the 'Brunswick Follies.' If any marked element of change was gratifying, it was this simple acknowledgment on their part, for what more significant expression of good will could I have wanted?"

The particular part that a Mr. Henry M. Whitney played in the life of Lerman C. Prior must not go unnoticed. He was to Mr. Prior, the sponsor who stood for the ideals by which this protege reaped innumerable benefits. Working under his directorship at the First Ward and National Shawmut Banks of Boston, Mr. Prior was secretary to this man through his gubernatorial campaign.

At the time, Mr. Whitney owned the Lenox Hotel. Sylvanus Stokes from the South offered to buy it of him. Mr. Whitney sold it. The transaction once completed, Mr. Prior was advised to accept Mr. Stokes' offer to accompany the latter as his bookkeeper. Here, then, Lerman Prior penned entries for a few years at the munificent salary of \$20 per week. Even as early as this, he had learned the value and good that came of always being twenty times as grateful to your employer for whatever was done for you.

In the fall of 1915 the Lenox was turned over to Mr. Prior, after a rather severe tussle. Technically, Mr. Prior had little or no excuse to present himself before the board of receivers to ask them to make the deed of the hotel over to him, for he had no money.

"At the time," Mr. Prior remarks, "another prospective buyer from New York was paging the board. He also wanted to tackle the house problem. He, too, had no capital, but he did not admit it, and when the Board asked me what made me think they would be more apt to turn it over to me in preference to this other gentleman, I replied, 'Probably nothing except the fact that I admitted I had no capital and the other buyer did not.'"

Mr. Prior secured his hotel. He borrowed money from men who were to him comparative strangers. He "boomed" it in his native style and then stood by and watched his prospects expand in patronage.

In a character sketch one would best remember him as a man of interminable good nature. It is always a spirit that wears well. His type makes interviewing a delight. His faculty of putting himself in the other fellow's shoes before pronouncing judgment has earned him a coterie of friends staunch and true.

A new angle on the tariff question

Import Tricks that Bleed Your Pocketbook

They say it's the tariff that makes imported goods high, but who gets the trim little profit of from 100 to 2370 per cent after the duty's paid? Read this startling revelation

WITH the passage of the Fordney McCumber Tariff Bill by the Senate of the United States, the measure was sent to conference with wide differences, which will, however, undoubtedly be successfully compromised. Indications are that the bill, maligned though it has been by the newspapers of the great cities, will be the most carefully prepared measure that has ever been enacted on this subject. For the first time the agricultural, horticultural, mineral and live stock interests of the country have been given protection which they have so badly needed, and with the exception of the duty on hides, which was voted down in both Houses, the live stock interests are well taken care of.

It is astonishing to find the industrial South enthusiastic for the tariff. They have felt the keenest kind of competition from vegetable oils from the South Seas, soya bean oil from Manchuria, and peanuts and peanut oils which have invaded the country so that the southern producers became convinced of the fact they could not compete successfully with Chinese and native labor.

A new principle has been enunciated in the bill, and that is that if the standards of living are to be maintained in the United States of America, it must apply equally to all producers whether miners, farmers, horti-

culturists, live stockmen, or manufacturers. The raw material of the manufacturer is the finished product of the man from whom he buys.

The opposition to the bill has come from two sources: the one a compact body of importers located chiefly in New York City, our chief import port, and the other the international bankers who have invested in foreign moneys and are now suffering from depreciated exchange, or who are loaning enormous sums of money on foreign securities so that the loans since the war to foreign governments, to cities, to industrial enterprises and public service corporations by American bankers has already exceeded \$2,000,000,000, and American money is going abroad at the rate of very close to \$200,000,000 per month in addition to all the obligations which the government has incurred in connection with war loans.

The importers cry that the new tariff rates will increase the cost of living, and the international bankers shout from the housetops. "We cannot sell if we do not buy. How can Europe pay her debts if we do not purchase her commodities?" And while shouting this they are sending American money abroad and increasing this indebtedness faster than the total imports. Not even

the present tariff can make it up. They would have us exchange good American commodities or gold for clocks, hair nets, fancy crockery, toys and other jim cracks which we can make ourselves, and while throwing hundreds of thousands of workmen in our own country out of employment, are loaning foreigners more money at high rates of interest by letting our own country reap a harvest of industrial disaster.

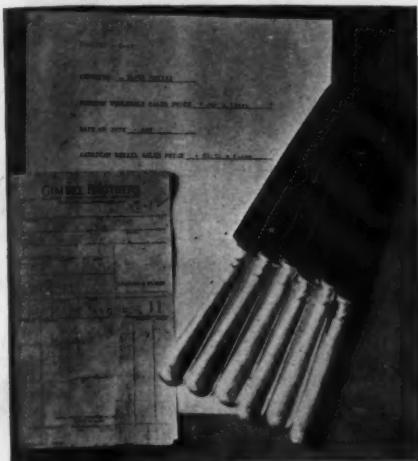
The cry is made that we must help Europe by buying in order to build up the exchange situation. In other words, we must buy from Europe faster than European printing presses can print money. It's a large undertaking. How can we help our Allies during the past war by buying of the Central European countries, which are the cheapest producers, especially in view of the situation which applies to Germany particularly, and which once made clear will never be forgotten.

The Allies have placed an export tax on Germany. Under the present law we have a tariff here. Does the German manufacturer sell his goods direct to the American importer? Not if he is established and knows the game. He sends his agent to the United States and incorporates as an American corporation, or utilizes his relatives or partners here.

The American merchant who cannot



IMPORTED Haviland China and pearl necklaces catch every woman's eye, but sometimes the cost makes her gasp. This china set sold for \$134 at Macy's in New York, while the pearls, purchased of B. Altman & Co., brought \$150. Here's the funny thing! The wholesale foreign price of the china set was \$21.50. And of the necklace, \$12.25. The duties are about half of that. Evidently somebody was about \$100 to the good in either case—one hundred dollars of your money. Was it the tariff?



EVERYBODY eats, but not everybody knows that knives costing 33 cents per dozen wholesale (foreign) and paying only a 30 per cent duty, were sold for \$3.60 per dozen. The set in the picture was purchased at Gimbel Brothers, New York

afford to have his own establishment abroad places his order at some agreed upon rate. Let us say that it is at the rate of \$1.00 per dozen. The German manufacturer says, "We will ship these goods to America and our agent there will bill them to you." He then ships the goods to his agent in America and bills them at first cost, say 30 cents, thereby avoiding two thirds of the export tax from Germany and two-thirds of the import tax into America. Our Government is defrauded, but we have no means of ascertaining the wholesale value in Germany, and the item goes by on the invoice price. The German agent of the manufacturer then bills the goods to the American purchaser at \$1. as per agreement. He keeps the seventy cents which belongs to the German manufacturer, and sends thirty cents back to Germany. This seventy cents multiplied by tens of millions remains in the United States of America, so that the German manufacturer with his money invested in our country and in every other country where he ships goods can snap his fingers at the Reparations Commission and escape taxation both as to exports and imports, and while wringing his hands in grief as to his poverty is really becoming rich at the expense of our allies, who are already bled white by his invasions.

Evidence of the absolutely ridiculous values which are placed upon imports and the unbelievable profits made by importers is to be found in a document entitled "Imported Merchandise and Retail Prices," just issued by the Government Printing Office. Copies of this document can be had for ten cents each from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

When listening to the speeches which have been made on the floor of the Senate against the tariff, we heard that the duty on children's toys is designed for the benefit of the American manufacturer to so increase the price to the American consumer that the little child toddling about the room has her toy snatched from her weak grasp that some selfish toy trust may be fattened and added millions given to those already rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Let us see what the importers are doing

in relation to toys. We find on page 104 a jumping dog valued in Germany at nine cents, in the hands of the importer, all duties and charges paid, it costs twenty-one cents; he charged eighty-five cents. We find a toy boat costing in Germany sixteen cents, landed in the United States forty-one cents, and sold for \$1.50. We find a toy baby carriage cost in Germany three cents; on the merchant's counter in this country, seven and one-half cents; selling price, fifty cents. We find some building blocks cost in Germany twenty-two cents; on the merchant's shelves thirty-five cents; selling price, \$4. We find a toy monkey cost in Germany nineteen cents; on the merchant's shelf, thirty-one cents; sold by the merchant for \$2.

What happens when we import seeds which are used by everyone who has a garden and by farmers everywhere? We find on page 32 imported carrot seed, which on the merchant's counter in the United States costs less than four cents, selling for twenty cents per package. We find on the same page imported cabbage seed put on the



THIS clock shows it's time to probe deeply into the import question. Wholesale price in Germany, \$1.70, duty, 30 per cent. Peter Korn & Sons, on Fifth Avenue, New York, sold it for \$30, the slip shows

counter at two and one-tenth cents selling for thirty-five cents.

What happens to the buttons on your shirt? We find on page 88 a great merchant in New York City who lays them on his counter for less than one cent per dozen, selling them to the poor woman, who knows no better, for twenty-five cents per dozen. On the way to the door she sees a fine collection of beads. They cost seventy-six cents on the merchant's counter—and by the way, this is another great merchant in New York City—he sells them to her at \$12.50.

We find a famous dollar watch landed, all duties paid, on the merchant's counter in New York at twenty-three cents and sold for \$1, while the American manufacturer cannot produce a watch of this character for less than fifty-five cents. We find a seven-jewel watch landed in the United States for \$1.32, and sold gleefully for \$9.45.

But speaking of values, what American manufacturer can make a clock with a carved black walnut face, delicate little sawed-out white wood hands, a clock that will work and keep good time, which comes from Germany and is put on the merchant's

counter for 8.1 cents and sold for \$2, with the tender little profit of 2370 per cent.

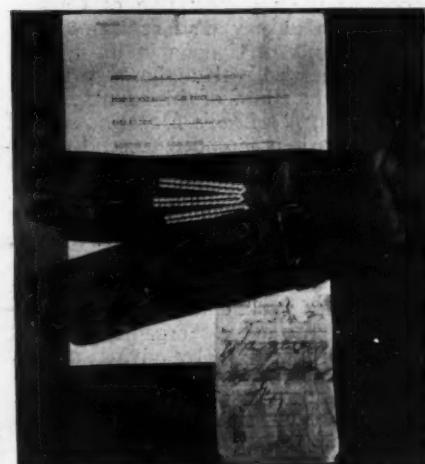
These great merchants who hold the confidence of the people of the United States are named by name in this book and the actual bills of sale for the articles are photographed and printed in this government document. One of the greatest merchants in New York, a Fifth Avenue firm, which has the reputation for square dealing, is caught with the goods when a pearl necklace which was laid upon his counter for \$18.26 was actually purchased from this merchant May 31st last for \$150.

The manufacturer in the United States, in order to sell his goods, must compete with the foreigner who sells his goods here at such ridiculously low prices that our Government is cheated, while the merchant for merely handling the goods over his counter received from two to twenty times as much as the gross receipts of the manufacturer. And yet the importing retailer is the man who shouts that a higher duty will rob the people and raise the cost of living.

How can the poor garment worker in New York City compete when an embroidered shirtwaist comes in from Austria at twenty cents, and after all charges have been paid this shirtwaist was laid upon the counter of the New York merchant for forty cents, which is less than the cost of the material in the United States. Is this woman to be driven out of work simply because the retail merchant who sells this garment for \$1.35 and makes 237 per cent profit, wants to continue in his robbery and can fool the American people by howling against the tariff?

How does the voice of the importing retail merchant become articulate? He speaks through the great metropolitan daily papers in which the retail merchants of the United States, as stated by no less authority than Wiley, business manager of the *New York Times*, spend \$700,000,000 per year advertising. See how the merchant plays up imported articles. Look at the paper today.

(Continued on page 191)



THE girls who pay two dollars a pair for imported gloves wouldn't feel so well pleased with them if they knew they sold abroad for 27½ cents and the duty 19 cents. They cost, landed in the United States, just 50.3 cents per pair. This purchase was made of the National Glove & Corset Co., New York at \$2.00

Leads in world commerce and world politics

P. C. Larkin, an International Figure

Years ago he worked twenty hours a day selling tea. Now as president of the Salada Tea Company, he has become a world power since his appointment as High Commissioner for Canada in the United Kingdom

THE appointment of P. C. Larkin as High Commissioner for Canada in the United Kingdom has an international bearing on American affairs, taken in connection with his more recent selection with W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, and Ernest LaPointe, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, as Canada's representative at the third Assembly of the League of Nations.

Thirty years ago he began selling tea and was salesman, bookkeeper, general manager, president, and office boy of the SALADA TEA COMPANY. He worked twenty hours a day.

Today, he is recognized as a world figure in commerce and trade, and in international politics as well.

In London, where he is stationed as High Commissioner for Canada in the United Kingdom, a cable reports he is "giving universal satisfaction."

"His silk hat," says a London correspondent, "which for so long a time was regarded as typical of his personality in Toronto, and, for that matter, in all Canada, has now become one of the things one looks for at every gathering of Dominion representatives in London. But, in spite of his silk-hat, he is far removed from a mere bourgeois." The fact that he can wear a silk hat and morning-coat without affectation, and without self-consciousness, in itself, speaks volumes. It must have been an intimate friend indeed who has seen him in any more frivolous garb.

It is probable that Mr. Larkin goes to London as the representative of Canada, imbued with a very distinct idea of the needs, not only of Canada in its imperial relations, but also with a thorough understanding of the affairs of this country.

A writer in *MacLean's Magazine* says of him—"When it is intended to send a man to serve Canada, it is the part of wisdom to send one who has served himself well. If a man cannot make a success of his own business, it is highly improbable that he will do better for the government. Mr. Larkin took an idea of service and quality, and, with hard work, enthusiasm, and courage, built it into a great organization that made him a fortune, by giving a very real service to the public."

It is a man of vision, and of patient perseverance in following that vision that, in this day and generation, invariably succeeds. Mr. Larkin, if asked, would say that there is nothing at all mysterious about his career, and he would laugh to scorn the theory of luck in the achievement.

It all started from an idea which he conceived some thirty years ago, and that idea is reflected in his great business. His won-

By W. H. WALSH

derful and powerful personality has been developed step by step with each successive development of the business, which gave him the opportunity and the need to travel

THE MAN WHO PERSONIFIES THE NEW SPIRIT OF CANADA

Occasionally we read of a world figure in commerce and trade.

Frequently a man wins fame in international politics or statescraft.

But seldom does one man achieve distinction in both fields.

Hon. P. C. Larkin has done so.

In business he began as salesman, bookkeeper, general manager, president, and office boy in one. He built up an immense organization because of energy and because "His word is as good as his bond."

In international affairs he is not only High Commissioner of Canada in the United Kingdom, but one of Canada's three representatives to the third assembly of the League of Nations.

His silk hat has become one of the things always looked for at every gathering of Dominion representatives in London. It is worn, too, with no trace of affectation, or self-consciousness.

Because he knows almost as much about the business customs, tastes, and habits of the Orient as of America and Europe, his grasp of political questions in their larger aspect has been extraordinary.

His great Salada Tea warehouses, unique in Oriental rugs, intricately carved old English woodwork, statuary and paintings, bear the imprint of his character and tastes.

"I like beautiful things," he says, "and I fancy everyone else will like them if they get a chance. I don't want my employees to feel they are coming to a prison."

and touch elbows, so to speak, with the world of commerce. While not a globetrotter, in the common sense of the term, he has, nevertheless, been brought in close relation with older civilization and knows almost as much of the business customs, tastes, and habits of the Orient as of the newer civilization in this country and Europe. Incidentally, he has developed tastes and appreciation and understanding; has succeeded in getting a broad grasp upon human emotions, affairs, and conditions, which is reflected in his dealings with men—political, business, social, and otherwise.

His great Salada warehouses in Boston, Toronto, and Montreal, are, probably, the

most unique on the continent, because they bear the imprint of his personal character and tastes. There is ever-present there the clean, wholesome, cordial, and even luxuriant atmosphere which stands forth at every step after passing the main portals. You feel it in the environment, in the Oriental rugs with which the main and private offices and board-room are carpeted; in the artistic design and frescoing of the ceilings; in the marble pillars and floors; in the old English oak woodwork, with its intricate carvings; in the mahogany chairs and desks; and in the rare Oriental hangings and statuary, paintings, and cabinets which are omnipresent.

The same writer in *MacLean's* speaking of this characteristic relates a curious incident about Mr. Larkin, which illustrates the point.

"Once he was showing a prominent bank official through one of his offices: 'But the cost man, the cost!' ejaculated the banker.

"Cost," said Mr. Larkin. "You bankers would spend as much on one of your pillars as we have spent on the whole thing, and it's my idea that this is more worth while."

Mr. Larkin has a reason for his opinion, too. "I don't want my employees to feel that they are coming to a prison, when they come to work: I want them to work in pleasant surroundings. I believe it is better and happier for them, and that means better service for me. I like beautiful things, and I fancy everyone else will like them if they get a chance."

It is this spirit which one sees exemplified throughout his three big warehouses, and in all his offices, where one is intuitively impressed with the note of Oriental magnificence. Again we are confronted with the psychology of it all, and we cannot forbear admiration for the man who, in his absorbing game of business, realizes that art, culture, and hominess of atmosphere have much to do with the lives of his employees as well as of his own life. He sees, in all this Oriental splendor and luxuriousness an object lesson and is ever ready and willing that it shall be shared. There is nothing in the warehouses, or offices that suggest the drudgery of office routine, but, on the contrary, the executive quarters reflect the environment of an expansive reception-hall or drawing-room.

Hon. P. C. Larkin has three great enthusiasms: Salada Tea, the Liberal Party of Canada, and the General Hospital of Toronto. Into all three he has put all the initiative, energy, and ambition possible. He has made of the Toronto General Hospital one of the finest hospitals in the country, serving as vice-chairman and chairman of the institutions for eighteen years until



Hon. P. C. Larkin, President of the Salada Tea Company, recently appointed Canadian High Commissioner in London, England, to the United Kingdom

it is at present a project involving upwards of four million dollars, absolutely free from debt.

Throughout his career, in great emergencies, as well as in the lesser and minor events of life, he has refrained steadily from appearing in the limelight. Nevertheless, it is well to know that he was Vice-Chairman with Sir Joseph Flavelle as Chairman of the Toronto General Hospital Board.

when it was emerging from the cramped chrysalis in the east end of the city, into one of the finest hospitals in the country.

And all this time, while he has been working persistently, and steadfastly for humanity, the world has taken it more or less for granted—he has given freely of himself, of his time and wealth, without any blare of trumpets.

"The new High Commissioner," says one

writer, "is a fitting successor to Lord Strathcona, and before him, Sir Charles Tupper. But Strathcona, on his return to England after his career of exploitation in the Hudson's Bay Company and the C. P. R., seemed to regard himself as a repatriated Briton. So, too, in Tupper's day Canada was regarded as a minor colony, and its high commissioner correspondingly unimportant. There is now a new spirit in Canada, and Mr. Larkin not merely represents this new spirit, but personifies it."

Like the late Honorable Wilfred Laurier, head of the Liberal Party in Canada for years, and a close personal friend of Mr. Larkin's, he typifies all that is best and most progressive in the Liberal organization.

There are any number of men in Montreal and Toronto and, for that matter, in Boston and New York who can trace back to the time, over thirty years ago, when Mr. Larkin made his first venture in the tea business.

These men, if asked, will testify to his enthusiasm for anything and everything which he stands sponsor for. They know well that, if you converse with him for any length of time on business affairs or political topics, you are almost certain to get into an argument. One of his intimates has said of him that you have "either to agree or argue;" and, by the same authority, "with Mr. Larkin a judgment, a decision, an opinion, is not a light thing. It is his judgment, or his opinion, and there is no use denying the fact that he looks on it with marked favor for that reason, and will fight for it to the last ditch."

It is this well-known tenacity, or stubbornness, if you will, which is the dominating trait of his character. However, he is not at all stubborn in his convictions, providing you give sound reason for the opposite opinion. Always he insists upon logic rather than superficial judgment.

This characteristic, together with his innate generosity and consideration for others, has led to keen, close, and loyal friendships, and, by the same token, it has envolved strong enmities.

Among his employees in his great warehouses, more particularly, is his popularity pronounced. They look upon him with a feeling of intense respect and warm esteem. An incident which well illustrates this point was related by one of them to the writer recently: It so happened that one of the office-force—a mere boy, not over 16 or 17 years of age—chanced into Mr. Larkin's private office and, at the threshold, said "Good morning, Mr. Larkin, I hope you are well." The chief surprised at the precociousness and candor of the remark looked up, and smilingly replied, "Yes, thank you, I am feeling very fine"; and then followed a full fifteen-minute conversation between the two, while the larger and more personal affairs were deferred.

Needless to say, the boy left the office with a feeling of awe and wonder at the extreme cordiality of his reception.

One thing more about the character of Hon. P. C. Larkin which shows clearly in all his works—that is: his sterling integrity and calm conservative consistency. To quote a trite saying, "His word is as good as his bond."

Reviving the slogan: "I am a Democrat!"

A Glimpse of W. A. Gaston's Career

He boxed with Roosevelt at Harvard, earned \$400 his first year as a lawyer and lived on it, and succeeded as a farmer. His public service and business achievements cover a broad field

THREE is a classic saying in the traditions of political history of the country that came from the lips of David B. Hill—a simple statement, but one that meant much to his political fortunes—"I am a Democrat!"

It is not even necessary to repeat this phrase in connection with William A. Gaston, of Boston, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Massachusetts. Mr. Gaston's father was a Democrat; he was elected Democratic Governor of Massachusetts. His son, William A. Gaston, has had a career as a public man and Democrat of which his friends are proud.

In 1902 and 1903 William A. Gaston was the Democratic candidate for Governor, at a time when the Democratic forces were shattered by a scant majority, but it was at this time that he made a record as an organizer and awakened the sleeping Democratic party in such a way that it made it easy for Governor Douglas, Governor Foss and Governor David I. Walsh to reap the advantages of the work of William A. Gaston as an organizer of the Democratic forces.

He has been a delegate to every state convention since he became a voter, and from 1902 to 1906 was a member of the Democratic National Committee and occupied a high place in the councils of his party. When Hugh O'Brien, Mayor of Boston, was fighting for his very political existence, the father of William A. Gaston, who was then governor, was at his side, and the work of young William A. Gaston, the son, in those campaigns, and in the campaign of Patrick A. Collins, endeared him to the hearts of Massachusetts Democrats.

When Governor William E. Russell, the idol of the Democrats in Massachusetts, was crashing through the vigorous Republican opposition, young William A. Gaston was with him and was later a member of his staff with the rank of Colonel. He as with Governor Russell at the memorable convention in 1896, and has ever maintained a consistent record as a militant Democrat.

In 1902 he resigned the presidency of the Boston Elevated, when the men were perfectly satisfied with their wages, hours and working conditions, and maintained a fraternal organization that paid a benefit in case of illness. The cars were kept in the highest state of repair, the stock selling at 186 and paying a six per cent dividend. The excess over six per cent earnings was used in maintaining equipment and road bed in good condition. During Mr. Gaston's presidency there was a system of free transfers and a five-cent fare, where the

people of Boston could ride from Arlington to Revere Beach, a distance of thirteen miles, for five cents. Sixteen years after Mr. Gaston resigned the ten-cent fare was instituted by an act of legislature, and the feeling is that if Mr. Gaston were now president of the Boston Elevated today there would be a five-cent fare. His service at that time won for him the friendship of men like Martin Joyce, the head of the American Federation of Labor in Massachusetts, and others who have enthusiastically endorsed his candidacy for United States Senator.

While the name of William A. Gaston appeals to his Democratic friends, as the logical candidate for the Senate, it is the personal side of Colonel Gaston that re-

mains of paramount interest to the people of Massachusetts. His war record endeared him to the hearts of the soldiers and his own son, William Gaston, was an aviator in the flying corp, being decorated for valiant service in France. Another son, John Gaston, served in the marine corps, and although too young to enlist, filed an affidavit at the request of his father and entered the service. His two daughters were actively engaged in the Red Cross and other war activities. His son-in-law, John K. Howard, was commissioned a captain, and saw active service abroad.

There has never been any question as to the patriotism of a Gaston. William A. Gaston during the war relinquished his law

(Continued on page 184)



COL. WILLIAM A. GASTON

Dean of a college builded by herself

"Home Woman" who Leads in Politics

Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp taught school to solve a financial problem, became a superintendent, organized members of her sex for politics, and was a delegate to the convention which nominated Warren G. Harding

THE new order of things has arrived. The American people know how to adjust themselves to progress. Woman is retaining home ideals and her womanliness—and yet participating actively in public affairs. The career of Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, dean of the College of Home Economics, Syracuse University, who was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1920 that nominated Warren G. Harding, is an inspiration to the girls of today.

An active member of the New York delegation, she took up her responsibilities as if she had always been accustomed to attending national political conventions, and adapted herself to the rules of the day. Previously she had seconded the designation of James W. Wadsworth Jr., as United States Senator from New York. She impressed her fellow delegates with her competence, and was selected to make the notification speech for Governor Nathan L. Miller with Secretary Charles Evans Hughes. She has assumed full political responsibilities, fully realizing the benefit of team work.

In the establishment of the College of Home Economics at Syracuse University she made use of the resources of the College of Liberal Arts, Fine Arts, Teachers' College, College of Agriculture and the University Hospital, covering a wide range of subjects and giving practical and professional courses in vocational instruction for women.

The Board of Regents has approved these plans outlined by Mrs. Knapp, as dean of the College of Home Economics. From her broad experience she has outlined a course that will mean much to the future of the country, touching not only chemistry, botany, cookery and hygiene, but English history, elocution and other subjects essential in the full development of the careers of women as citizens.

Even the history of Fine Arts is not forgotten in that department where dressmaking, millinery and designing of children's clothing is included. It is truly a course in economics, harking back to that ever essential function of woman as the guiding spirit of the home. No matter what woman's attainments may effect in educational lines, if the enthusiasm of the home spirit becomes atrophied, with all its love, interest and sacred significance, citizenship for women would be of no avail. The work of Mrs. Knapp has attracted widespread attention from educators, who have made a study of curriculums adapted to the new order of things.

The organizing of the Republican women of Onondaga County, New York, was started preparatory to the State campaign of 1918. The new college was opened at

IS WOMAN'S PLACE THE HOME?

Or can she participate actively in public affairs and at the same time retain home ideals and all her womanliness?

Here's an answer in the story of Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp.

Dean of the College of Home Economics at Syracuse University, her continuous interest is in preserving in girls the home spirit with all its love, interest, and sacred significance.

But besides learning cookery and hygiene, a young woman should prepare herself for the full development of her career as a citizen, she feels.

Mrs. Knapp was first destined by her parents for the concert stage. Her career was interrupted by marriage. Temporary financial reverses led her to accept a position as principle of the Fairmount School, near her home.

She was elected to the only political office a woman could hold in New York state.

She organized Republican women for politics.

In 1920 she was an active delegate at the Republican National Convention which nominated Warren G. Harding.

See frontispiece.

about the same time. Both pieces of work were done in a manner satisfactory to everyone concerned. Neither is completed, for such work never will be complete as long as progress is the watchword of humanity.

When suffrage was given the women of the State of New York in the general election of 1917, the question of what to do with the new voters agitated the minds of masculine party leaders.

Onondaga has always been looked upon as one of the leading Republican counties in the State of New York. The almost double vote which would result from the entrance of women into the political arena in this county was a most important matter. A state election was at hand with all the problems and difficulty of a campaign. Many of the women who had worked most earnestly for suffrage were outspoken in their determination neither to enroll with nor to work with any political party for the time being, so that the party leaders were not able to call upon them for aid and co-operation in organizing the new voters who desired to affiliate with the party of Lincoln and McKinley. Neither the chairman of the Republican County Committee nor any other officer felt equal to the undertaking. A woman must be found—but who was she, and where was she to come from?

The suggestion was made, "Ask Mrs. Knapp."

Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp was at that time in charge of food conservation work in all the cities of the state outside of Greater New York. She was even then planning with the trustees and faculty of Syracuse University the establishment of a School of Home Economics. She had been a rural school teacher, a district superintendent of schools, a post-graduate student at Columbia University. She was what men with admiration have always called "a good mixer," and her political sentiments were those of the Republican party. Always in favor of universal suffrage, she had never been able to take the time from the press of other duties necessary to take an active part in the movement, and she had made no more minute study of the details of practical politics than any intelligent woman would feel called upon to do.

Descended, in direct line, from John Hancock, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Florence Elizabeth Smith had been at first destined by her parents for the concert stage. She had an unusually clear and beautiful soprano voice and as soon as she was old enough she had studied vocal music under the best teachers obtainable. After having graduated from High School, she asked permission to go with some of her friends and classmates to the Cortland Normal School, only a short journey from her home in Syracuse. This was granted, and upon her graduation she decided to teach a year or two before going on with her musical education.

Before she had taught for very long, however, her career was interrupted by marriage. Her husband was Philip Schuyler Knapp, a lineal descendant of Philip Schuyler, father-in-law of Alexander Hamilton, and prominent in New York State history.

The young wife in a beautiful and cosy farm home with her husband and his children by a former marriage, who looked upon her as a dearly loved sister, was ideally happy. And she continued to be happy even when temporary financial reverses came. She resolved to turn her normal school training to account, and became principal of the Fairmount School in her own home district.

Mrs. Knapp, with the enthusiasm of youth, brought into play all the ideas which she had absorbed from her studies and from her reading. She resolved to make the Fairmount School a model. Classes in domestic science and manual training were introduced, the payment for the teachers was raised in small subscriptions among the parents. The first resolution from the State Grange asking the Legislature to make provision for teaching agriculture in

rural high schools was drafted and signed in the living room of the Knapp home.

When the temporary period of financial depression passed, Mrs. Knapp found herself so much interested in her school work that she did not want to give it up. And so greatly were her efforts appreciated by the State Department of Education that when she visited the Pan-American Exposition she was surprised to see the models of the Fairmount School shown among the exhibits of the Empire State.

She was elected a district superintendent of schools, the only political office which the laws of New York State at that time permitted a woman to hold. She made a record in this field also. After she was left a widow, she went to New York and entered Columbia University, where she had taken a course in industrial arts, and later had worked at Cornell in food conservation work, which latter course resulted in her appointment as superintendent of food conservation for the up-State cities.

* * *

The suggestion to "ask Mrs. Knapp" to organize the Republican women for politics were received with enthusiasm. At all events, there was a possibility that she might be the Moses in the wilderness. But instead of "asking her," the county committee elected her its vice-chairman and then a delegation waited upon her to tell her of her election and what she was expected to do.

"I'll try," she said. "I don't know how I shall manage yet, but the very first thing is to get all the help I can from everyone."

An office was fitted up for the woman leader, and there the committeemen gathered with her to discuss the coming campaign and its problems. Many women were apathetic on the subject of suffrage, and others declared outright that they were opposed to it and would never take advantage of the opportunities presented to them by the Legislature.

The election district was taken as a unit. Each district committeeman named a woman to superintend the women's work and the campaign committeeman from each town and ward selected a woman chairman to whom these "district leaders" might turn for advice and information.

These ward or town chairmen were looked upon as directly under Mrs. Knapp and were expected to take instructions from her in regard to the organization of their political divisions.

In actual practice, however, Mrs. Knapp was brought frequently in immediate contact, not only with ward and town chairmen, but with district leaders. She had the "knack" of understanding them, and she was able to smooth ruffled surfaces and right wrong conceptions of various questions and issues in a manner which surprised the men who were her colleagues.

The plan of organization which had been adopted worked admirably. Mrs. Knapp soon found that in most cases the women who had been picked by the campaign committeemen and the district committeemen as town or ward chairman and as district leaders generally knew the type and character of women whom they wanted as helpers and were able to form a shrewd opinion as to what might be expected from the members of their own sex in their own neighbor-

hood. The vice-chairman attracted these women. They deferred to her judgment unquestioningly and they brought her so many problems to solve that she must have been swamped had she not unhesitatingly owned up that she, like themselves, was a neophyte and suggested that the committeemen, the county chairmen, or sometimes printed authorities on the subject in hand must be called upon for help. And the women, naturally, preferred such fellowship to the attitude which they might have met—the attitude of one who presumably knew everything and whose conclusions could not go wrong.

This party organization was an almost herculean task, but during those autumn days of 1918 Mrs. Knapp was engaged in other and, in a sense, even more arduous work. She was preparing the foundations for the establishment of a School of Home Economics at Syracuse University. She had been selected for the task because she was a trained educator and had always taken special interest in domestic science as a vocation for women. At the Cortland Normal School from which she was graduated at a very early age, in her practical career as a teacher, in her advanced studies at Columbia, and in her war work at Cornell and afterward she had shown a singular aptitude in this field.

* * *

Although the need of a School of Home Economics in connection with Syracuse University had been felt for a long time, the trustees had hesitated in making a beginning for many reasons—among them lack of funds, lack of suitable quarters and want of the right person to take the responsible headship. As was the case with the vice-chairmanship of the Republican County Committee, the request to establish the new University institution came to Mrs. Knapp unsought.

At the request of Chancellor James Roscoe Day of Syracuse University, she called on him to discuss the possibility of making a beginning of the school, without much faith on his part that there was any chance of such a beginning being brought about.

When the plan which Mrs. Knapp had hastily mapped out in her mind was presented to the Chancellor, he was frank in declaring that it was the only feasible one which had ever been brought to his notice.

"It sounds simple and logical as you present it, and I agree with you that such a school would be of the greatest advantage to the University," he said. "But where, with our present limited space, could we find room for it?"

Mrs. Knapp's answer was ready. She was fresh from food conservation work throughout the state; she had taken special courses in industrial arts at Columbia University, leading up to her Master's degree, and the fact there were obstacles in the way of any enterprise made it more interesting.

"Why couldn't a part of the new College of Agriculture be used?" she inquired.

The College of Agriculture had been built by Mrs. Russell Sage as a memorial to her father, Josiah Slocum, who had long been a resident of Syracuse, in which city Mrs. Sage herself was born. The building was just completed and the third floor at that time was used as a sort of store house.

Mrs. Knapp had completely acquainted herself with conditions before she made her suggestion. She knew that on account of the war, many of the young men who would naturally have entered the College of Agriculture in the coming fall were overseas or in training camps, and that there was no likelihood that the whole building would be required for the purpose for which it was destined. She presented her point so forcibly to the Chancellor and the Board of Trustees that they consented to allow the use of nine rooms on the third floor of Sage College and to give the new enterprise a trial.

"If we are only to give it a trial, we would better not go into it at all," said Mrs. Knapp. "When Home Economics comes to Syracuse University, it must come as a permanent school, certain to develop into a college in a short time."

"Will you guarantee that?" asked one of the trustees, jestingly. Mrs. Knapp smiled back at him.

"I will, brother," she rejoined.

She personally superintended the clearing up and arrangement of the rooms which had been allotted to the new institution. She received agents by the score and made selections from hundreds of samples of equipment. She saw to the installation of the individual cabinet gas stoves in the cooking laboratory and to the placing of the large coal and gas ranges for use when a large quantity of food should be needed. She saw to the ordering of kitchen utensils, of china and linen for the dining rooms, and she looked after the fitting up of the sewing laboratories with their sewing machines, forms, pressing tables and everything else needed. And she carried on a correspondence with prospective students and their parents, planned courses and took care of the hundred and one questions which had to come up every day. She was in the midst of this work when the call came to her to organize the Republican women of the county for political service.

"If there had been a salary attached to the office of vice-chairman of the Republican County committee, I should have felt privileged to decline the position," she said afterward. "But it didn't seem quite fair when the men said that they depended upon me. I knew that the work would be hard, but I knew, too, that I should enjoy it, and I hoped that I might gain from it some experience which would be useful in my college work—as I did."

* * *

And neither the political work nor the college work suffered—even though Mrs. Knapp devoted some sixteen hours out of the twenty-four to her double duties, leaving the remaining eight hours, and sometimes less, for eating, sleeping, making the trip between the University campus and Republican headquarters, and between either to her home, and for intercourse with her family and friends. She arose at six o'clock in the morning or earlier, and went to the University where she stayed until the day's requirements had been met.

In the afternoon she was at Republican headquarters, going over enrollment books with ward and district leaders, settling plans and problems—and there were plenty of them to settle, for (Continued on page 195)



Two "Human Interest" Stories

Newton Newkirk tells how he got his first interview—C. Nick Stark describes "Canvas op'ry," or touring with a tent show

MY FIRST INTERVIEW

BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

IN the autumn of 1891, at Alliance, Ohio, I found myself out of funds. I had finished my freshman year at Mt. Union College there—also my bank-balance.

Through H. W. Brush, owner of the *Alliance Daily Review*, I landed a job as a reporter at \$10 per week. By rigid economy I was able to put by half of my salary and hoped, after working a few months, to continue in college for a period. I had already chosen newspaper writing as my future vocation and had had a few months' experience on the *Washington (Pa.) Reporter*, under E. L. Christman, who started me on \$3 per week, whereas I paid my landlady \$4.50 per week for meals and lodging. How I managed to make up this weekly deficit of \$1.50 in order to procure experience in writing, constitutes another story.

One afternoon, a few days after I had gone to work for the *Alliance Review*, as I sat alone in the little two-by-four sanctum, writing some "local items," Mr. Brush burst into the office in an excited state and wanted to know where Mr. Phelps, the editor, was. I didn't know. Brush had red hair—also the gift of expressing himself luridly in language, not English. He outdid himself that morning, I thought!

"Just got word from Canton," snapped Brush, "that Major McKinley opens his campaign for governor at East Liverpool tonight. The Major has to change here and will have a wait of 20 minutes between trains—he'll be down at the station in a quarter of an hour, and somebody's got to interview him, that's all. Who are you?"

"Why, I'm the new reporter you hired the other day," I reminded him.

"Well," he went on, looking me over appraisingly, "there's nobody else to send—go ahead and see what you can do."

I grabbed my hat and hot-footed it for the station. On my way I pondered the duty ahead of me and was appalled. I knew nothing about Ohio politics, had scarcely heard of McKinley, and shrank from facing the man, exposing my ignorance and making a sorry mess of the whole thing.

When the train from Canton rolled in, I "spotted" McKinley, as he stepped to the platform, from a description Brush had given me—stout, medium height, smooth face, swarthy complexion. He wore a silk hat, frock coat and carried a small bag. He was alone and no one on the platform spoke to him. As he made his way into the station waiting-room I followed shyly in his wake, trying to collect my scattered wits and wondering how I would "open fire" on him.

Sitting down with his bag beside him he began reading a newspaper. Three or four times I walked back and forth in front of him trying to spunk up courage to tackle the job. Meanwhile the precious twenty minutes he was to wait before boarding the train for East Liverpool were slipping away.

Pulling myself together I walked up and said to him in a faltering voice:

"Are you Major McKinley?"

He lowered his paper, looked up quickly, then

in a kindly tone, answered, as he arose and placed his hand on my shoulder:

"Yes, my boy—what can I do for you?"

There was that indefinable something in his words, his tone, the benevolent look in his eyes, which upset my whole preconceived plan. "What can I do for you?" Here was a man who really wanted to help me—and heaven knows I needed help at that moment. Why bluff—why pretend to be what my foolish pride was urging, a trained reporter? Here was a friend on whose mercy I could safely throw myself—and that's just what I decided to do.

"Major McKinley," I began diffidently, "I'm a new reporter on the *Alliance Review*—I've been working on the paper only a few days, and the only reason I've been sent to interview you is because there was nobody else to send. I don't know enough about state politics to ask you intelligent questions, and unless you help me I shall fail."

"O, you must not fail," said the future president, laughing and patting me on the back. "Suppose we go over here into a corner where we won't be interrupted."

Heartened by his words I followed and we sat down together in a little nook of the waiting-room. I had hardly yet come out of my daze, so the Major was obliged to ask me if I happened to have paper and pencil with me. I had, and quickly got them out.

He talked slowly, giving me ample time to make notes. There was no word of bombast, egotism or prophecy. He kept himself and his candidacy in the background and his party and its platform to the front.

As the leaving-time of his train approached, he led me outside, still giving me the finishing touches. Then he clasped my hand warmly—hoped my employer would be pleased with what I wrote and stepped aboard the train, which had already begun to move. Before entering the coach he turned and, smiling, waved to me.

I hustled back to the office and wrote my "story" which was quickly set in type and appeared in that evening's edition of the *Review*. The interview was printed on the front page under a scare-head.

Phelps said it was a good "story"—so did Brush. In fact, I thought so myself. But why shouldn't it have been? It was Major McKinley's story—not mine.

UNDER THE BIG TOP

By C. NICK STARK

TO those exclusive Broadway actors who have always enjoyed the luxuries of beautiful theaters and spacious dressing rooms, and who may not always appreciate the comforts bestowed upon the aristocracy of the profession, I would advise a tour with a "canvas op'ry," or tent show. I'll guarantee that they will return with chastened spirits and temperaments that will regard with forbearance trivial matters that may have hitherto disturbed their equanimity.

My first experience with a "big top" was when a Chicago agent shipped me out to Eldorado, Kansas, to join a "reptile" show that I was given to understand was temporarily in stock. Imagine my dismay, upon arrival, to learn that the

show opened under canvas the next day, and that I would be required to "get up" in a part every day that week, said parts including such "pills" as Jimmy Jenks in "Baby Mine" and Floriot in "Madame X." It was a long walk back, so I undertook the task. I went around that town padded with parts. I carried them on the stage, in my pockets, and whenever there was a dog fight in front, or a squawling child intervened at a dramatic moment in the play, I managed to get a squint at my lines before the cues hit me between the eyes.

* * *

America had just gone into the war, and the manager was unable, because of the great demand for musicians in the service, to obtain enough of them for his band; so he bought a small calliope, which the cornet player of the orchestra, who had been with circuses, termed a "hoot-nanny." It was very inspiring, in the twilight hours, to hear the strains of the "hoot-nanny," as they echoed through the hills and dales, calling the farmers, their wives, their children and their dogs to the "greatest show under canvas."

In the cyclone belt of Kansas I adopted the precaution of locating the cyclone cellars as soon as we arrived in town. That was after a near-blow-down of our tent, when I found part of my wardrobe clinging to a tree.

The Chautauqua tent engagements differ from those under independent management in that not over two bills are played (one of them on occasional Sunday nights), and the tour is made up of one-night stands.

The lady agent in New York who engaged me for a western Chautauqua said it "would be a nice summer's outing," and that we would be taken in by the best families. Now, while I enjoyed appetizing, home-cooked meals in some of the agricultural districts, I was also occasionally "taken in" by the best families, both as to price and epicurean standards.

* * *

I have no wish to disparage Chautauqua engagements or Chautauqua management. I know that some of the towns in the more pretentious circuits are more or less enjoyable, and that very desirable talent that may have formerly despised the tent show are gladly giving their services for the summer months. As Chautauquas are conducted on the guarantee plan, the actor knows that the Ghost will surely preambulate every salary day. That eliminates uncertainty.

Ours was a five-day circuit, and the "talent", as every kind of entertainer is called in Chautauqua circles, included an Hawaiian troupe, a magician, the Jenny Lind Trio, a band of musicians and comics and the drama. Each afternoon there was a lecturer, usually a preacher on a vacation, or one without a regular job. It was said that William Jennings Bryan's silver tones had echoed over the prairies and through the canyons and silent places of this circuit.

Our largest town was of fifteen hundred population, and we played 'em as small as eighty, though they came from far and near. We did have some pleasant auto rides, and some that were well nigh unendurable. We rode on freights, slept all night betimes in unlighted, unclean depots, waiting for tardy trains, and once we made a jump on hand-cars. (Continued on page 194)

"Dressing up" the granary of the world

How Dakota Prairies Were Peopled With Trees

Men struggled vainly to make trees grow on the sun-baked expanses of buffalo grass where Theodore Roosevelt spent his cowboy days. A few persisted and today North Dakota wheat fields are dotted with islands of cool, green foliage in the commonwealth created in four decades

LIFE is a chain of memories, with a golden link here and there shining out with the glow of reminiscence. The sunrise between youth and manhood's responsibilities.

As they say in story books, "it was many years ago" that "moving West" meant moving in a freight car containing horses and household goods. That was after the days of the prairie schooner.

Father was at the launching of the trek to the Dakotas. As we bumped along over the rails and swayed back and forth in Box Car No. 1313 Rock Island (the number comes back because of its double numbers of good luck), I felt that I was living in the bloom of a real career at the age of fifteen. Furtively I had put into the car some "playthings"—an old bow and arrow, a bicycle and books—that I had hoped father would not see, for I was now a young man, supposed to be done forever with playthings. Then there was the bag of seeds of the maple trees under which I had played. In my visions of the prairie west I hoped that some day these seeds would grow into real trees on the prairies, and make these trees serve as an enduring reminder of "the old home." Then there was a box of school books. The object of the exodus was to "hold down" father's soldier land claim, and prepare a new home for mother and the younger brothers to follow.

How long that trip seemed, switching in and out of side tracks en route, while the varnished Pullmans swept by! Upon me devolved the duty of feeding "Ladybird" and "Fan," my two equine companions. As they champed their oats in mild content, they looked at me as much as to say, "My boy, we're on our way!" Currying their brown coats reflectively, I longed to be released from the week's hobo captivity in a box car. Mingling with the frontiersmen in the rough-board "hotels" and real cowboys—thus was the life.

How close father seemed to me then—talking over plans just as if I were a man.

The prairies at last—the endless sea of brown dotted with patches of snow—buffalo wallows filled with snow water that was tinctured with alkali. Our number was section 30. Township 133-42 West. There were others pushing toward the frontiers to build "claim shacks." Over the prairie we trudged, beside the wagon laden with lumber and supplies, blazing new prairie trails where the foot of man had never trod!

It seemed like acting in a real Wild West show (read between the covers of the Green Geography) enduring those hardships on the plains and running in sport to cover with father's old army musket—imaginary human and animal foes. I felt huge and free! It



ALEXANDER ALIN, Norwegian-born pioneer, clad in working garb, at the extreme right. The suggestion of almost tropical verdure reveals the triumph of this man's genius, who has spent his life to people the rolling Dakota plains of early days with growing trees

was that touch of the wanderlust of adventurous youth in its first flush of realization.

It was the year after a young man named Theodore Roosevelt had come to Dakota in

1883 to ride the range. He had pushed on further west to the border of the "Bad Lands," with their wild, rugged beauty. The town of Little Missouri was deserted soon after Roosevelt came West. The Marquis de Mores founded a town on the opposite bank and named it Medora, after his wife. He invested a large amount of money to carry out his dream of establishing packing houses that would rival those in Chicago.

Roosevelt had two ranches, one the Chimney Butte, with the brand of the Maltese Cross, and the other at Little Missouri, with the brand of The Triangle. Bill Sewall, the guide who was with him in his childhood days in Maine, was with him. In 1887 a devastating winter destroyed half his herd, but Theodore Roosevelt always insisted that he gained more from the Bad Lands than he ever lost in dollars, for in riding the range he gained the rugged constitution that served him so well in the responsibilities that came to him as President of the United States.

There is no more delightful spot in the Bad Lands than the site of the Roosevelt Ranch House, so graphically described in his autobiography. Who could ever forget the charm of the green bottoms of the Alcorn, not far from where Custer camped on his ill-fated expedition? In this very year Theodore Roosevelt was writing letters home, telling of the fascination and the desolate, grim beauty of the scantily wooded bottoms, bounded by the bare, jagged buttes. At this time he wrote his friend Henry Cabot Lodge:

"I heartily enjoy this life, with its perfect freedom, for I am very fond of hunting, and there are few sensations I prefer to that of galloping over these rolling, limitless prairies, rifle in hand, or winding my way among the barren and grimly picturesque deserts of the so-called Bad Lands."

Many thousands of sturdy young Americans were pushing on to win the West. They had heard stories of the intrepid young New Yorker, who had felt the call of Dakota, who reveled in the free life of the range and the adventures of the cowboys which later



ROOSEVELT'S North Dakota cabin. It was here that Theodore Roosevelt made his home when he became a ranger, though on trips "in town" to the little village of Medora, he slept in a room above "Joe Ferris' store."

led to his Rough Rider regiment in the Spanish-American War.

But to return. On a slight eminence in our own quarter section the spot for a house was selected. The immensity of the thought of building a new home miles away from others was inspiring.

Then I let loose fancy with her thousand and one servants! What a reunion for all myths that day! The thought that countless farm homes might blossom here rather appalled me.

My work as an amateur carpenter was delayed. First of all the soil must be turned over in order that "Ladybird" and "Fan" might have shelter in a sod barn. Then we began our castle, twelve by fourteen feet. People called it only a "claim shack"—but to us it was "home."

Three times a day for forty days I stopped to fry bacon in a skillet, and to boil "spuds" in a beef can. The majesty of that great quietude surrounding me when the wind roared and whistled by day and lulled at evening, was more than awe-inspiring. There was something big and sacred about this vast area of land, untrod by man, that could not be eradicated even by the odors of frying ham or "spiced roll."

My books—even the dictionary I had stowed away!—were rarely opened with this new book of nature unfolding. Throughout the entire day the wind would blow and howl. To me the breeze was a real personality. It seemed jolly company on the evenings when I got a chance to read my Thackeray, Scott, and Keats, and to think of Abraham Lincoln and his pine knots.

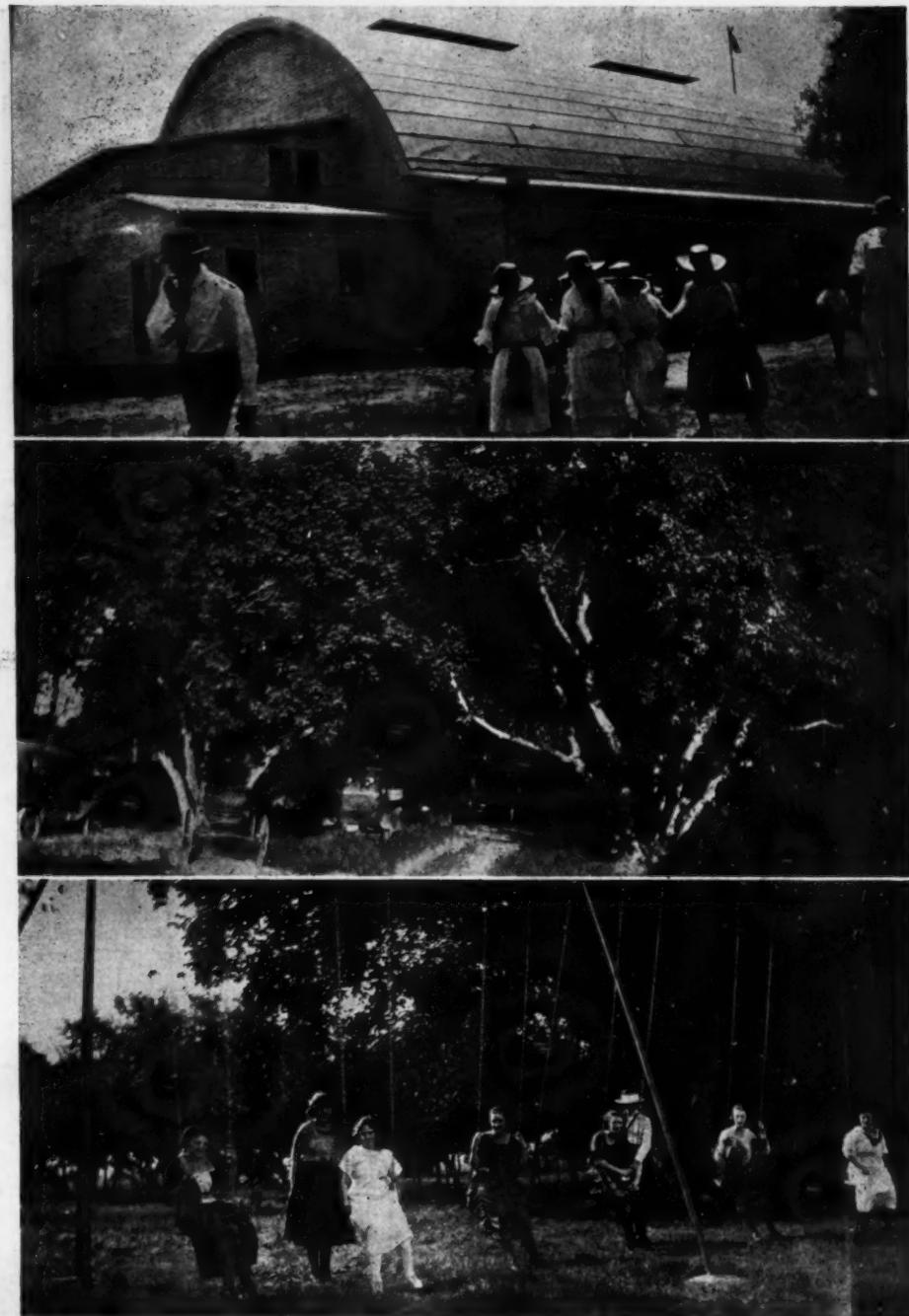
Engrossed in rhapsodic thoughts, I would frequently climb astride "Ladybird" (the big bay), a full-fledged knight. Mounting my fiery steed, I would gallop off over unbroken soil, pretending and dreaming, seeing castles in the clouds and cities in the mirages or the prairie seas.

One night came a tumultuous, sullen aftermath. I awoke and heard hoarse groaning outside. I shivered and went out to "Fan," the elder horse. She was turning up her nose. I knew she had the colic. Straightway I gave her the entire supply of castor oil. Then I walked the "floor" with her, around and around the shack, again and again. "Fan" seemed to appreciate my company at those unusual hours, and when she began champing oats again, I thanked my stars and decided the colic was over.

The tang of alkali water, day after day, made me long for some cool, purling brook. But when the house was finished, I found myself in a terrific spring blizzard. During those long days I read my fill. Bacon said that "reading maketh a full man." Reading from ten to twelve hours a day had produced a "reading jag"—wonder I had bacon three times a day!

The world at large literally thrills at the coming of Spring. Some dash off odes, others become hopelessly sentimental and let an unfortunate mute world know it, while still others transform a forbidding nature into a blithe self. Spring exacts a heavy toll of her subjects, but I was free—and far away from mother's sulphur and molasses.

Prairies do not reek with romantic nooks and grottos or trees. There was little landscape, but I wanted to cross-examine every



SOLDIERS' Memorial Hall (above), built on the pioneer picnic grounds, now a county park, eight miles from La Moure. Here since the days of the first trek, farmers have gathered for their days of recreation and celebration. (Center) A cluster of trees in the natural grove on the banks of the Jim River. It forms the nucleus for the park of today. (Below) Cool, shaded recreation grounds at the park where once was hard, sun-baked prairie land blanketed with buffalo grass

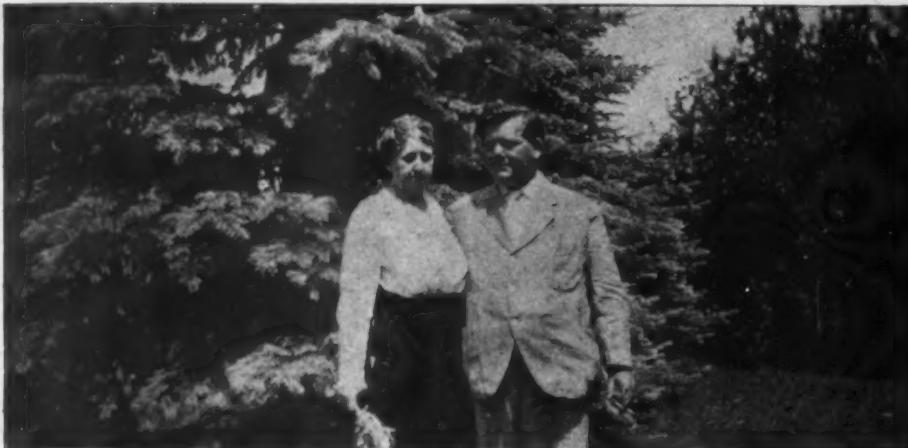
new flower and wild plant that bowed its greeting. I watched each shy little bird trying its newly-born wings in the air. I despaired evidences of love songs in the cooing of the plover. Everything was new and virginal and seemed to have poetic rhythm.

Spring also brought the song of the breaking plough. "Fan," "Ladybird," and I pulled and sweated to get the tugs hitched. The grass and roots of centuries resisted, and a punch in the ribs now and then from the plough handle reminded me of Bobby Burns and his apologies to the little mouse in the not-very-straight furrows.

Next I had to harrow the sod with the

circular disk. Those dusty days of harrowing were "harrowing" indeed. When I returned in the evening, I had to scrub hard to efface the "dust of ages." Then came seeding time. Seated on the "seeder" box, which was filled with bright golden oats, I felt that the days of the "jolly farmer" had begun. Book in hand, I started to sow, and sitting on the seeder, I read betimes.

It was not until hours later that I discovered I had not opened the valve of the "seeder." The labor was lost. Miles had to be retraced to seed again. That was one time I felt doubtful about the vocation of a farmer. I bore "Ladybird" and "Fan's"



JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE and Mrs. Joe in a bower of foliage which has since blossomed on the treeless trysting place they knew in Dakota's pioneer days. Near this spot, the editor, book in hand, sowed oats for hours without opening the seed-box—a futile task. Admittedly a failure as a farmer, he traded faithful "Fan" for a battered printing press and launched into an editorial career

look of primitive disgust in silence as I opened the valve and began sowing the seed.

While the horses and I trudged along, I read Thomas Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes," thinking of a maternal pair of blue eyes left behind, associated with the happy school days when youth's fancies turned lightly—ever so lightly—to surprise parties and the picnics at Blue Branch.

High noon! Having watered and fed the horses, I decided to "go to town," the county seat—twenty miles away, as it read in "Sheridan's Ride." It was the Fourth of July. Some of the pioneers were growing tree claims. The government generously offered land to those who would grow trees, but the trees refused to grow. Almost in despair, I had found that the primeval piece of land would not seem to yield God's gift of trees.

At the "county seat," on the banks of the Jim River, I discovered a cluster of real trees. They stood out like an oasis in that beautiful valley of prairie, flanked on either side by "coolies" (hills). I marveled as though in Paradise. Under their shade I worshipped God, and every whispering leaf had a tale to tell me.

That night was the grand Fourth of July ball. The guests were people who had lived in claim shacks. Everyone talked of "back home," of course. It was good in those days to see a woman—someone who suggested the mother and sister left behind. Although I could not dance, both of my feet being "lefties," a brave effort was made, but I was too young to be a beau and too old to be a boy. The rough frontiersmen seemed to take an interest in me, and one dear old lady, who invited me to dinner, will never know how fervently I said grace over her meal. Eating my own cooking for months, a lone guest, made that meal a feast.

In the village one day I discovered an abandoned printing plant, and a vision appeared before me that night, foretelling many great things. Back home I had set type, swept out and served as "devil" in a print shop. It brought a vision.

Old "Fan" had got so old that no one even ventured a guess at her age. Her teeth had to be filed so she could take nourishment. There was something in her

fur that didn't seem to me to belong there. Worried, I asked someone for a remedy, and kerosene was suggested. Kerosene it was; it took a good bit of "Fan's" fur off, but it eliminated the original objections. This dear old veteran, originally a street car horse—covered in spots, in others the hide showing shamelessly—went to market with me. I was ready for a trade. "Fan" may have been a remnant—but so was the printing plant. So we made the trade.

The newspaper had a history. It was the only one in the county and boasted an "army press." It seemed time to enlist for a career and I knew I was not a good farmer. From the dusty boxes of the printer's case, I "pulled out" and set type. The name at the editorial mast was changed. Beneath was inserted a miserable verse I had written, which I thought was an epic. It pictured a pair of blue eyes left behind, and the vision of a little home in that cluster of trees on the banks of the Jim River.

The farm was abandoned that year, for the oats grew only in spots. But even my

newspaper was only printed in spots, too. The little cluster of subscribers suggested good-humoredly that I send along some one to read the paper to them each week. I wrote all the names and addresses myself, and could go down that list accurately in my sleep and not omit a single initial. Every Friday I jumped on my broncho and sought new subscribers.

All through one notable long winter, while the little hamlet was snowed in and under, our *Journal* was three weeks late. It kept pace with the trains. I ate meagerly in my quarters, but learned much in setting type at the case. The paper had to be filled, for much like the affair of "Polly and the Circus," the show had to go on. Pages left vacant by absence of "patent insides" were a heavy draft on my imagination.

Through the many long nights and short days I read much. Curling up in my buffalo robe, with the wind howling and making a pompous blizzard disturbance outside, I dreamed away the hours before bedtime, wondering what the future would bring. My cot and stove were a part of the plant. Amid the gleam of corned beef tins I wrote often to "Blue Eyes," telling of heroic deeds I had heard recounted. Those were the territorial days when Colonel Plummer, Major Edwards, Alex. McKenzie and others were the dominant personalities at Bismarck.

Gathering wild prairie roses the next June time, I rode at a gallop to the "Revere House." All my cronies were fixing up their kerchiefs and glancing sideways at the "ledger." I knew a woman had arrived on the stage. Throwing the reins over the horse's head, I jumped through the open window. Until now the roses I had plucked had been firmly clutched in my hand, but when I saw the face and figure of a tall, stately girl through the window, I felt there was only one thing to do—to act quick and present the roses.

True, we had never been formally introduced, but formality never occurred to me. I did not know her name and cared not. Her father stood near by and, of course, he



THE Famous "Bad Lands" of North Dakota. Deep coulees and broken country make a startling contrast to the rolling expanse of prairie where wheat for world consumption is grown. They formed a most impenetrable refuge for those who sought to escape the law

politely thanked me and invited me to lunch. The faces of the boys outside was a study. When father announced an intention of going out to look over his land, I gallantly offered to look after his daughter.

My violin was brought forth—and for many and many days afterward the citizens of the county seat were entertained with what we called music. We played in the moonlight and in the sunlight. At one time we waxed professional and took part in cantatas in the court house, ranging from *Balshazzar* to *Queen Esther*. Many Boston people lived there. Of course it was an artistic triumph.

In June time we had a pioneer picnic. If a settler had been in the country one year or six months, he was considered a pioneer. At this particular picnic, folks learned that the young lady who had received my prairie roses and I were going to be something more than musical pals. That picnic glowed with romance, for it was held on the very spot near Jim River where I had first discovered that cluster of trees.

In the front end of the print shop was a desk, the "make-up stone," some cases, and a Washington hand-press of the same pattern that Benjamin Franklin used. Rolling the bed of my press with a sturdy left, with my right I "pulled" the lever and threw the tympan. It developed a wonderful muscle. Opposite the press was the ink roller. During the busy harvest days there were no boys available, and the young lady offered to ink the press. Working together, we had long ago settled what the picknickers discovered.

On Thanksgiving Day a blizzard whistled the wedding march. In spite of bad weather there were many present, and fifteen of them later attended the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary in Boston. You cannot keep Boston people away from the magnetic influence of the Hub.

Just recently came an invitation to come out and dedicate the World War soldiers' memorial on the occasion of another annual pioneer picnic. Thirty-five years had elapsed before we returned to the valley of the classic Jim River in North Dakota. Again we looked upon the familiar valley—and Grand Rapids—"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain." It still contains for me the scenic if not historic lure of the Rhine, the Danube, and the classic Charles.

"You always seemed to see something beautiful in this land. Your wild prophecy



A "ROOSEVELT MONUMENT". This formation is typical of the country where Roosevelt learned the art of cow-punching. Difference in the density of two original strata of rock results in the erosion of the neck of the monument faster than the head

of \$100 land has come true," said the old conductor on the train going down the valley—he recognized me.

There were real fences and trees dotting the landscape, where before was simply a rolling sea of prairie grass. There were roads, where before thin wagon trails had indicated to strangers that that section of the country might contain habitations. There were bridges spanning the good old Jim River. Best of all, there were many of the old friends! Why—they had not changed at all. There was still the same friendly, familiar twinkle in the eye. No one seems to die in Dakota—no burial grounds—all farms. An old crony, Charles Kenny, boasted proudly of possessing and trying to manage a brood of seventeen children—seven sons had served in the war. The size of the families ranged from ten up. It warmed my heart.

The traditions of the old print shop had never been forgotten. Among others was Judge Sairs who brought the only known copy of the *Journal* (my own paper) that contained an account of our marriage. In the whirl of wedding preparations and departing quickly on our honeymoon, it had been forgotten and there was none in the files.

In a limousine we traveled to the picnic

grounds, over the trail we once traveled in ox-wagons. The picnic was held in the old grove—the same spot where we had worshipped a cluster of trees. There were "hot dogs," boiled eggs, pies, pickles, babies, laughing children, granddaughters, grandmothers, concerned mothers giving earnest admonitions, old men with pipes, music, jazz, baseball. The Jim River never mirrored a happier scene. It was a real pioneer picnic.

It was a reunion of old friends. Motherly souls, women with hands brown and worn, but oh, what sympathetic hands and warm hearts!

There was grandfather and father and son, carbon copies of the sturdy spirit of the pioneer. Never did I realize before what genuine old-time seasoned friendship means. The old friends of my time filled the platform. The young lady Cecilia Society sang just as they sing in Boston under a Conservatory graduate instructor. Everybody sang—and we talked as if we were around the old stove at the schoolhouse discussing whether Dakota should be divided or whether we should lynch or shoot the raiders who stole our courthouse.

As we rolled in the motors down the valley of the Jim, the (Continued on page 194)



WHAT the prairies produce. Second only to the famous fields of wheat are the hay-fields. The picture shows a few of the 3,334,000 acres where hay was grown this year. The acreage of wheat is 8,121,000, making North Dakota well worthy of the title "the granary of the world"

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate"

The Moving Picture Writes the Rubaiyat

When Omar, the Tentmaker, eight centuries ago, wrote his immortal songs of wine and women and the joys of Paradise, not all his wisdom nor his wit enabled him to envision the embodiment of his dreams as shown now upon the silver sheet

FROM across the hills of California comes the proclamation that the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam has been unrolled upon the screen. How have these producers transported this purple song? To what ends have they gone to close-up the quatrains of the Persian poet? How has the dithyramb of the vine been transmuted into celluloid that those mighty alchemists, the censors, would not its author confute? Well do we know from the admirable Cecil's production "based upon" a play by Sir James Barrie that the Movie Finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all the piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a foot, nor all the tears wash out a reel of it.

According to one artist, Ferdinand Earle, who formed The Rubaiyat, Inc., in order that he might produce and direct the picture, this synopsis given by him is the same as that which has been stamped upon the silver sheet:

"Early in the eleventh century three students meet in Nishapur, and swear a life-long brotherhood. They are Hassan ben Sabbah, Nazim ul Mulk, and Omar Khayyam.

"Years pass, and Nazim rises to the position of Grand Vizier of Persia, great in wealth and power. Remembering their blood brotherhood, there comes to him Omar Khayyam, a poor philosopher and poet. He petitions the Vizier for a small grant to support him in his studies. Nazim offers him a princely sum, but Omar refuses—he only requires sufficient for the day. After him comes Hassan ben Sabbah arrogantly demanding a large sum of money and an official position. Reluctantly the Vizier grants his excessive demands.

"Having obtained in the course of years his coveted ambition, Hassan founds a religious order in Syria, establishing his headquarters in Alamut, the Nest of the Vulture. His name becomes a terror to the whole country, for all who seek to dispute his authority are mysteriously slain.

"During a feast at Alamut, Hassan's son secretly indulges in wine, which has been forbidden by his father. Hadija, his mother, discovers his disobedience and endeavors to dissuade the boy from drinking. But made reckless by the wine, the boy defies her just as his father enters the hall. Hassan flies into a fury, in which he kills his son for his disorderly act and as a public lesson to his subjects. The mother, distraught by the death of her son, vows to wreak vengeance on the slayer.

"Meanwhile in peaceful Nishapur, Omar Khayyam becomes famous and venerable. All Nature appeals to him and his verses are filled with the beauty of creation. He

By BLYTHE SHERWOOD

loves his country, and as he passes through the crowded streets the people ask his blessing. His charity is sympathetic and both rich and poor seek his company.

"Into this peaceful scene comes the heinous Hassan ben Sabbah on a visit to his old school-fellow, the Grand Vizier

distracted wife, who sees upon his breast a paper upon which is written: 'Thus perish all enemies of Hassan ben Sabbah.' Her wails attract the passers-by, and amongst them is Omar Khayyam. The people implore his aid to invoke the authorities to prevent Hassan ben Sabbah from establishing his accursed order in Persia. Omar is much disturbed. The body is placed upon a bier, and Omar accompanies it in order



OMAR KHAYYAM AND HIS SERVANT

*"Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returnst to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too."*

Nazim. The object of his visit is to settle certain political matters and to endeavor to establish his order in Persia. To herald his approach he sends some of his initiates and their attendant assassins in advance. A tribesman of the hills makes so bold as to publicly denounce Hassan as an impostor, warning the people of Nishapur to beware of his false doctrines. A crowd collects to hear the speaker. One of the assassins joins the throng, listening to the dangerous oration.

"A little later the unfortunate tribesman is stabbed to death. He is found by his

that the Grand Vizier may see for himself the foul work of Hassan.

"Meanwhile Hassan proceeds on his journey through Persia, and in approaching Nishapur he meets a camel bearing a curtained palanquin. The haughty Hassan refuses to yield the right of way, nor will the camel move aside. In the ensuing struggle the curtains are dragged apart to reveal a lovely girl unveiled. Hassan gazes boldly on her beauty till she angrily draws to the curtains. She is Sherin, the daughter of Rostan, Sheik of the Hill tribe.

"Arrived at the palace of the Vizier,

Hassan receives but a cold welcome, for his atrocities have already reached the ears of Nazim. In the midst of the reception Omar arrives with the body of the murdered man. Hassan denies all knowledge of the crime till Omar produces the paper found on the corpse. Confronted with this evidence, Hassan for a moment drops his mask and shows his true character of savagery. Host and guest are about to add hasty action to angry words, when Omar restores peace by referring to the marks of the crescent on their wrists—the old symbol of their brotherhood. There is nothing left for the Vizier to do save banish Hassan from Persia, bidding him never to return, on pain of death."

This ends the introduction. Mr. Earle revised his scenario eight times before his story was satisfactorily consummated. The romance, and the Bough, the Loaf, the Jug of Wine, now enter. To tell it briefly. Sherin is fianced to Ali, son of a neighboring chief. Hassan has not forgotten the disdainful lady he met via Nishapur atop a palanquin. He demands abruptly and absurdly of Sheik Rostan the hand of his daughter in marriage. This evokes mirth on the part of the betrothed couple, but Hassan means business, and no less than a battle between tribes and an abduction ensues. Into this turmoil, direct from the jovial tavern, calm Khayyam strides, executive. Everything is righted in the end. There are lavish scenes of gay bazaar, merriment in the taverns, festival in the home of Omar.

From the text of the Earle synopsis: "Omar has accomplished a good act . . . and now he seeks refreshment. The Poet is well known as one whose philosophy approves of the Joy of Life assisted by the warmth of wine. . . . Happy in such surroundings, Omar expounds to his companions the wondrous story of the Potter and his Pots. . . . Omar relates the story of his youth, how as a student he would argue with his teachers, and how he learned to read the stars. Finally he approaches his favorite theme. An angel teaches Omar the Exaltation of the Grape, and when he has drunk from the Divine Cup he is transported through the Cosmos and the Astral Planes. Mystical indeed is this vision of Omar, and his guests listen with rapt attention as he depicts Fate playing her game of Chess with the Pawn of Humanity."

Mr. Earle is reputed in the cinema industry for having originated the use of the art title. In this, his first production, not only will every title be decorated according to the significance of its text, but the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam is essentially a "painted picture." Three hundred paintings, on which Mr. Earle and a staff of apprentices have been working for over two years, have been employed as scenic investiture. We shall see no massive sets of stone, concrete, and wooden structure. Those minarets which will come before our view, the attar garden in which Sherin and Ali "seek the Heart's Delight" is a painting of not more expanse than a window, which has been enlarged screen-size to form the background.

It is an old topic by this time, one on which the writer is reluctant to dwell, that the cinema embraces the gamut of artistic endeavor. To point out architecture as a



*"Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his Way."*



*"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled:
That every Hyacinth the Gardener wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head."*

part of it, painting, the ballet, music, now that Charles Wakefield Cadman has composed a score for the "Rubaiyat" which the Chicago and Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestras have already arranged to include in their program next season, now that most of the productions of Mr. Griffith have progenited their original orchestrations, it is an old topic, to state as a certain film corporation does on its trade-mark, *ars gratia artis*.

The belief of Mr. Earle, a student of Whistler's, Julien's, and the Beaux Arts, has always been that nothing should be portrayed upon the screen, wherein lie infinite possibilities to express poetry and painting, that does not entail the quality of each. Mr. Earle knows both, having had many of his own canvases on international exhibition, and having edited, not long ago, "The Lyric Year," a competitive anthology including one hundred of our modern singers, and responsible for the debut of "Renaissance," the author of which signed herself at the time, E. Millay. Mr. Earle brings an authentic voice to the screen. Rather than dissipate it in proclaiming the motion picture industry is in its infancy, he will, after the "Rubaiyat" is released, continue with his ideals of its supremacy and democracy by starting work on his production of the *Niebelungen Lied*.



"And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—'Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay.
And, once departed, may return no more.'"

A Glimpse of W. A. Gaston's Career

Continued from page 174

practice and banking interests and gave his service to the government. He was the official Democratic governmental representative on the labor arbitration board, with a jurisdiction extending to all the ship yards from Bath, Maine, to the south. He was selected by President Wilson as a representative Democrat of Massachusetts, and all his time was occupied in the arbitration of ship yard disputes that had to do with men's wages, their hours, their working conditions and housing requirements. The records show that during the war there was not a strike in a ship yard, and not a man left his work. Representatives of labor and capital were convinced that in submitting these questions to William A. Gaston they were dealing with a man who had sound judgment and a human heart.

The hobby of Colonel Gaston's active life is represented in a farm of five hundred acres nestling in the hills of Barre, Massachusetts. This is his retreat for recreation. When automobiles drove the horses from the streets Mr. Gaston made his farm a sort of a rendezvous for the horses he had been using, some of them living out a restful old age in a way that appeals to lovers of animals. And, moreover, he has a farm that pays. He has proven his practical ability as a farmer, which has done much to encourage the farmers in Massachusetts. Over four thousand chickens were hatched this spring, and he has the finest assort-

ment of ducks, geese, and pigs in the neighborhood. His Jersey cows have long been prize winners. It is common for his neighbors at Barre to see him milking cows on the farm with his men. A *Boston Herald* photographer recently secured a picture that proves him a real farmer. He never has had electricity in the house. He loves the glow of the oil lamps, but as president of the Barre Agricultural Society, which has been in continuous existence for over one hundred years, he is accounted an aggressive and progressive leader in farm development. The fairs are held every year, and it was at one of these that President Wilson made his first appearance in Massachusetts, entertained by Mr. Gaston on his farm, and introduced by Mr. Gaston to the throng of neighbors and friends. People no longer laugh at Mr. Gaston when he says his farm pays, for it has been demonstrated many years, that he knows how to till the soil.

Colonel Gaston has the clear, steady gaze of the gladiator, and, yet, there is always a suggestion of that twinkle of interest and sympathy that has maintained his legion of friends. As a young man in college he was a lightweight boxer. At the time that President Roosevelt was at the height of his popularity he used to delight in telling

every time he came to Boston of the boxing bouts he had at Harvard with "Billie" Gaston. They were classmates in the famous class of 1882, which sent forth so many prominent men in the country. Ever since he left college he has been a hard worker. He has in his veins the blood of the Beechers, for his mother was a cousin of Henry Ward Beecher. His father is a descendant of a family which settled early in Connecticut. This same father, of whom the son is so proud was the first Democratic governor of Massachusetts.

When young Gaston hung out his shingle as a lawyer he earned \$400 in fees the first year and lived upon it. That's why he is successful as a farmer—he knows how to manage things. In the development of large industrial and commercial interests he has always been interested first in creating pay rolls and helping people to help themselves. He has faith in human kind. There are few activities in the business world with which he is not more or less familiar, and his friends insist that the democrats of Massachusetts cannot present a stronger candidate and one that represents the Democratic party more completely: one who has proven in times of storm and stress, as well as in sunshine and hope, the war cry of that distinguished tried and true Democrat who felt that his greatest party distinction lay in the unchallenged proof of his statement, "I am a Democrat."



A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

*Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes
about some people who are doing worth-while things*

TO me the most interesting portion of a successful career are the days when they are in the making—when the real struggle and fight is being made against handicaps and obstacles, proving the metal.

Long years ago I met Booth Tarkington, then in the flush of ambition. We had been together with artists, authors, and actors at Lakewood. Amid the spray of the fountain of that hotel foregathered artists and authors of renown. Even then I felt that I was meeting a man who had a determined ambition. It was before the success of his play, "The Man From Home," and his novel, "The Gentleman from Indiana."

Somehow I felt that I had met the real gentleman from Indiana. John Moore, John Burroughs and Stephen Thomas were walking about the greens talking about nature fakers, but Booth Tarkington and some of his brother authors were discussing how to get a story published. Now he has won the prize for the best American novel. This was foreshadowed in his early work, for, first of all, Booth Tarkington is a worker and he knows how to concentrate.

Later on I found him writing novels in Indianapolis, working all night with even the fumes of a bakeshop nearby, where doughnuts were frying, thus interfering with his early morning climaxes.

Booth Tarkington was born in Indianapolis, and began his story writing before he could even write his own name. He just dictated them imperiously to his sister. He was at that time in the throes of Jesse James' stories. He had also heard of J. P. R. James, the novelist, but his imagination ran riot as he pictured the scenes—but they were American scenes.

How fortunate in those early days that he should have the friendship of James Whitcomb Riley, and be a visitor at Lockerbie Street. They had long walks together, young Tarkington listening long to the philosophies of the poet-friend, to say nothing of the midnight lunches of pie and rarebits that followed the rambles.

He attended Phillips Exeter Academy and began his college career at Purdue University, like a loyal Hoosier. In his Junior year the call of the East was too strong, and he entered Princeton, and had, what he describes, some of the happiest and most successful years of his life. He was a versatile cuss, this Indianian. He drew, he sang, he composed music, he acted. He was always doing something. He acted so well that it was felt that he must be related to the famous Booth family. There were friendships made, although he grimly remarked that education was avoided as far as possible.

He began writing stories by drawing the



BOOTH TARKINGTON

characters first and then writing about them. It was on the steps of old Nassau Hall, in the long twilights of the spring days, that there was a call for "Tark" to sing "Danny Deever," and "Tark" was always ready to do his stunt, although of a naturally retiring nature.

His creed is encompassed in a paragraph: "Writing is a trade, and, like any other trade, it must be learned. We must serve our apprenticeship; but we must work it out alone. There are no teachers. We must learn by failure and by repeated efforts how the thing should be done. I always wrote—somehow and anyhow—but I wanted to be an illustrator; that is, I thought I did. In '95 I got a pen drawing in *Life* and thought my start had come. Then *Life* rejected thirty-one subsequent drawings, and I kept on writing and quit drawings."

There were days of trial, but he kept right at it, although the gross return of his first five years of hard, unremitting work was only \$22.50. The first magazine story accepted was "Cherry," but the editor lacked

the enthusiasm in printing it until after "Monsieur Beaucaire" had appeared in *McClure's Magazine* and made a sensational success. Later on came the thrilling news that "The Gentleman from Indiana" was to appear within the two covers of a full-size book. His short stories were rejected, but he kept right at it until he discovered that his real success was in Indiana subjects; the Indiana that he knew and loved; the Indiana that has the real type of Americanism.

He served in the legislature, but speedily became an insurgent. In the meantime he gathered much material for his American novels. He works sometimes eighteen hours a day, beginning at 9:30 in a bathrobe. There are vacations betimes, but the novelist-dramatist insists that the writing of the play is easy, but "putting it on" is another matter. He feels that fiction is his real work.

His latest novel, "Gentle Julia," is a fitting sequel to "Alice Adams," which was awarded the prize in 1921, as was judged the best novel of 1918. His later work has showed him a master in the study of childhood, their speech, their gestures, and the movement of their minds. He still remains buoyant in his enthusiasm in the study of youth.

Booth Tarkington is the son of Judge John Tarkington. Young Booth had no leaning toward law, but now he is the possessor of a degree of Literary Doctor from the university of which his father is the oldest living graduate—DePauw University.

"Gentle Julia" is a delightful comedy of manners, dealing with life in a middle western town. The characters are Penrod, age twelve; "Seventeen," seventeen; and Gentle Julia, twenty-two, a delightful trilogy. The criticism that it is a reply to "Main Street" is more or less unfounded, because of the fact that Booth Tarkington is one of the few people who have not read "Main Street."

There is a conviction among the readers of modern novels that Tarkington surpasses them all in the use of realism with reason. He never goes too far and yet they are living, breathing humans. Like Rudyard Kipling, Booth Tarkington knows how to get along with the dictionary. He invents a word if he cannot find one to suit his purpose, and his latest words will be found in the future language under the W's in the dictionary. They are "waspen" and "wave-ment," but it does not require a dictionary to understand what he means. It is the enrichment of new words to the dictionary that keeps the etymological procession moving.

The novels and plays of Booth Tarkington

will preserve the pictures of contemporaneous American life, such as never will be found in any chronological historical record. Best of all, he has proven that genius is the art of taking infinite pains and preservation. His life career is an inspiration to the younger authors that are to follow.

The future that I had pictured for Booth Tarkington, as he gazed reflectively into the fountain at Lakewood on that never-to-be-forgotten week-end, has far surpassed even what I had politely pledged as I looked upon the "Cherry"—not the cherry that lies so placidly in the bottom of the glass in those days of long ago. After all the succession of successes that have come to him as the American novelist, there is a feeling among his admirers that in his quest of giving to the literary world the pulsating life, thought, and emotions of America, in the characters which he has portrayed with such infinite charm and attractiveness, has already given him a large niche in the hall of literary fame.

Mayor of the City Where "Everybody is a Booster"

FOR the past decade Los Angeles, "City of Angels," has been covering the map with increased population and buildings of a state. The area is rapidly approaching



GEORGE E. CRYER, Mayor of Los Angeles, a veritable "City Commonwealth."

the size of Rhode Island. Everybody is a booster in Los Angeles. There are no limits to the ambitions of the people, and no keeping track of outspreading city limits. It represents the spirit of virile young America. The ideal of home making dominates from the little bungalow to the Spanish castle or Mexican hacienda home.

Inside the city limits the oil wells are

chugging away, cheerily adding to the wealth that flows from gasoline "go-carts." Los Angeles is the capital of motion-picture production. You could not stop if you began talking about Los Angeles and satisfy a Los Angelian within the limits of one magazine.

When Rotary International met in that city they found in the Mayor of Los Angeles a real Mayor who mayorizes. When the New England delegation arrived, he welcomed them in City Hall. He gave them the warmth of a real golden California welcome. The Boston visitors observed the calendar on the wall was "June 2nd"—it was then June 5th—and they insisted that Los Angeles, like Joshua of old, bade the sun stand still while Boston arrived. The same sun that arose first in Boston shines in California. But the Mayor insisted that they were so busy they could not take time to tear the leaves from a calendar—that was a detail.

In these times the Mayor, George E. Cryer is the executive head of a land area that is a small commonwealth in itself. People who visited Los Angeles ten years ago find it now overleaping the bounds and spreading on and on—and the visions of Los Angeles people are not yet ended, for Hawaii may yet be annexed, climate and all, to make good all claims for "unusual" weather.

George E. Cryer was born in the state of Nebraska. When he was a very small boy his father moved to California. He lived for a number of years in the city of Los Angeles, later removing to Redlands, California.

Mayor Cryer's early education was received in the public schools of Los Angeles. He had just reached young manhood when the Spanish-American War began, and at this period he was living with his parents at Redlands, and was a member of the National Guard organization in that city. With his comrades of the National Guard he enlisted in the service of the United States and served his country during the continuance of the war. He was discharged with the rank of top-sergeant, and as a mark of the esteem in which he was held by the members of his company, he carries today a beautifully engraved gold watch which was presented to him by the rank and file of his company when the war ended.

Thereafter Mayor Cryer became a student in the Michigan University and graduated from its Law School. He returned to Los Angeles and took up the practice of the law. He has filled the following positions: Assistant city attorney for Los Angeles; deputy district attorney for county of Los Angeles; first assistant United States attorney, and elected mayor of Los Angeles in June, 1921.

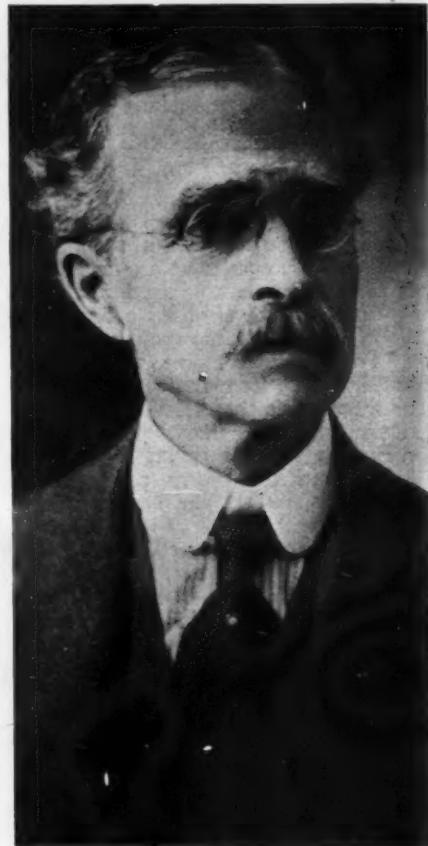
Mayor Cryer is married; has a son, Edward, nine years old, and a daughter, Catherine, seven years old, and is greatly devoted to his family. His chief recreation is mountain climbing and fishing. He is a lover of the out-of-doors. He is an elder in the Wilshire Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles. He is not a politician in any sense of the word. He is an able lawyer, and is held in high esteem by the members of the Los Angeles County Bar.

As he sits high up in the mayoralty chair, George E. Cryer does not forget that a city is builded for the people. He keeps close to those fundamentals which have made

cities and towns, villages and hamlets, and farm homes the component part in the bulwark of our nation's power and prosperity.

Developing Something the People Want Always Spells Success

THREE is something about perfumes that is ever alluring. It has been so ever since the time of the "Sabeans odors from the spicy shore of Araby the Blest."



A. S. HINDS, who as a druggist began producing *A. S. a facial cream for women customers.* They liked it so well that they talked about it, and a national industry has grown up to supply an ever-increasing demand

Perfumes make an appeal to one of the senses that has not had its "quota of poetic flowers," which is a line from "Pilgrim's Progress."

There is no human with a nose so dense as not to be susceptible to the subtle influence of a scent, especially if it has the aroma of flowers and woods.

My recollections of my first visit to Portland, Maine, are of seeing the Longfellow monument, and making the acquaintance of Mr. A. S. Hinds, who had perfected and placed on the market a preparation called Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream. It was first placed on the market in 1870, and its circle of friends was rapidly widening at that time, as it was the pioneer in America of liquid skin and complexion creams.

First of all, Mr. Hinds was an interesting man, producing a product that interested womankind. He was a druggist and began the preparation of the cream in a modest way. Then he introduced special machinery to facilitate production to meet the

increased demand. There were no salesmen in those early days, and no advertising, but the popularity of the "almond" in the neighborhood ever widened until it gradually found its way into stores across the continent and then to all parts of the world.

In 1906 an advertising campaign was begun, and since that time the business has developed until over sixty thousand dealers in America are selling Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream. There is something in that prefix—almond—or is it honey that continues alluring? Its intrinsic value withstands all tests—laboratory and otherwise.

It was natural with the success of this product that other products should be added. Then came the Hinds' Honey and Almond Talcum Powder, soap, cold cream and disappearing cream on "milady's dressing table." In all of them was that certain refined fascination of Almond Cream, whether in the package or product.

The large and spacious laboratory was completed in August, 1920. It is one of the most complete of its kind in the world. It is a monument to the life work of Mr. A. S. Hinds. There is nothing left to be desired in the building or in the equipment of the plant. Every sort of labor-saving device essential in the handling of an ever-increasing output is available. The product goes to all the countries of the world. Sanitation and sunlight features, safeguarding the production and purity of the



JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, on his recent visit at Yellowstone, shook hands with everybody, including bruin, who made it very plain that he was not afraid of even a magazine editor. Mr. Chapple's latest book, "A' Top o' the World," reflects the emotions and soul-impressions of visitors at our national park. It is profusely illustrated with many new art engravings

goods and the comfort of the employees, are the dominant features of the plant. The laboratory, where the formula is worked out, is perfected with the science and art of alchemy.

Mr. Hinds, the sole owner of the business, was born on a farm in Livermore, Maine. He knew what it was to work hard and do

things in his youth. He came to Portland at the age of eighteen to make his way in the world, and began as a clerk in the drug store of H. H. Hay. He launched into business for himself in 1870, with a drug store located on the street floor of the famous Preble House, the location on which Cyrus H. L. Curtis, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, always dreamed of having a department store, in the business center of Portland, near where Longfellow was born.

There are Hinds' agencies in all parts of the world, and a branch laboratory in Montreal. Mr. A. S. Hinds continues the same earnest and enthusiastic worker, not only in his own business, but in responsibilities of a civic and public nature that go to make up the sterling quality of an American citizen who has worked and achieved in making a product that reflects the qualities of the man who makes it.

* * *

Cousin of the "Hoosier Poet" has Based Career on Fixed Purpose

YEARS ago a youth of southern birth discovered himself. He dreamed of the wonderful possibilities bound up in hard work and a fixed purpose, and set about to bring that dream to pass by improving his time and his talent, and daily conquering the obstacles that loomed up in his pathway. Today suffering humanity is blazing a trail to his door in one of the greatest cities of the land; and his fame is destined to reach earth's remotest bounds by the time a few more years have been added to the calendar; for he is just a little beyond the meridian of life—just a few miles past the half-century mark.

His life-story reads something like a romance, yet it has been deeply touched by sorrow and care.

Back in 1883 a country lad of shy bearing sought admittance at the University of Texas, just as it was first opening its doors to students. It was past the hour for registering when he arrived at the Capital of the "Lone Star" state, but bubbling over with enthusiasm, he acted as spokesman for a youthful crowd of students. He was ushered into the presence of a distinguished-looking old gentleman, who explained that all the rest had gone, and that he was enjoying a smoke. The gentleman was ex-Governor Roberts, who took a fatherly interest in the boys. When he learned that the name of the youthful spokesman was Joe Riley, and that he was the son of Dr. Riley, whom he knew, his interest increased.

"Joe," he said, "your daddy is quite a wrestler and foot-racer. He bantered Sam Houston for a wrestle once and Sam backed out."

He then asked the lad his age. When he replied "fifteen," which was under the requisite for admittance, he questioned his being able to pass "the guard" unless he raised a notch as others were doing.

"Joe," he said presently, "tell them that 'Old Alcalde' recommends you, and they will let you in. Tell them the truth. John Riley was always truthful. 'Old Alcalde' was always truthful, and we want Joe Riley to be truthful."

The lad gave his correct age, proved equal to the examination test, and was admitted; and came out with graduate and post-

graduate honors. That youth today is Dr. Joe Shelby Riley, head and founder of the Riley University of Spinal Therapy, of Washington City, one of the most prominent figures in drugless healing today.

After leaving the University of Texas, he entered the educational fields of his native Texas and Oklahoma; but the law beckoned with promising hand and he took his LL.D.



DR. JOE SHELBY RILEY

Later he turned his attention to the study and practice of medicine, but this failed in its resourcefulness, and he took a course in osteopathy. This, too, fell short and he added the chiropractic course, to be again disappointed; and he then conceived the idea of the allied sciences—combining the best in osteopathy, chiropractic, electrotherapy, and all the rest, and upon this combination his fame is hinged. The marvels of his cures of blindness, cancer, and numerous other heretofore pronounced incurable diseases have been wafted from ocean to ocean; and he expects soon to carry his message to Europe. His school at Washington has outgrown its present quarters and plans are on to "build greater." The new institution will be equipped with the best that medicine, surgery, and the allied sciences can afford. He says that he would add but two drugs to the seven useful ones named by Dr. Osler. But he does not advocate the Osler "chloroform route" for the man of sixty, as he asserts that by his methods he can transform the man of sixty into a person half that age. His father passed the century mark, and he expects to reach the century and a half.

Dr. Riley is a cousin of the late James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier poet," their fathers being brothers; and while his poem, "The Girl I Never Got," has been classed alongside of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," from the pen of his distinguished kin, he excels as a pulpit orator, and as a writer along scientific and other lines. He was formerly a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is frequently called upon

now to fill pulpits, despite his busy life along other lines.

He has numerous college degrees, among which are LL.D., Ph.D., P.D., N.D., D.A., D.S., and D.C. His whole heart seems involved in the cause of suffering humanity.



NOT only do the scenic wonders of Yellowstone draw their thousands of visitors, but the spots of historic interest as well. At the junction of two streams nearby the Washburn Expedition, which first made known the beauties of Yellowstone to the world, encamped in 1870. From left to right in the picture are H. M. Albright, superintendent of the park; C. W. Cook, explorer of the Cook and Folsom Expedition of 1869, and now at the semi-centennial celebration, and Miss Dixie Auzer, who christened the sign with its historic story. Yellowstone each year grows dearer to the people of America

and he has fought telling battles for medical freedom. The following quotation from his gifted pen seems a part of the real character of the man, and should be engraven on every heart:

"Greatness is an achievement, not an inheritance. Intelligent effort is the eloquence of inspired feeling. Renown and fame arise in the path of those who strive for masteries. Massive the mind that conquers all obstacles. I would make my message the greatest the world has known, but would not hinder the message of another. Let my hands be free, my mind clear, my heart pure, my thoughts ennobling, my honor unimpeached."

So broad is he in his charity for the methods of others, that he has no time to interfere; it is only in defense of his own when assailed that he speaks. His platform seems broad enough for all mankind.

His father, the late Dr. John Schlick Riley, was a most interesting figure. He served as surgeon in the Mexican War under General Zachary Taylor, and at its close organized and led a company of scientists on an exploring expedition to the highest peaks of Mexico, Panama, and the Andes.

This adventure at an end, he turned his face toward the goldfields of California, and there amassed quite a fortune in his mining interests and profession. About 1849, while returning home by steamer through New Orleans, he met his fate in the person of Miss Martha Ann Colcote, who was part Cherokee Indian, and who was the daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter. They were married and settled in Louisiana for a brief time, then removed to Caldwell, Texas, where the present Dr. Riley was born on December 6, 1868. Dr. Riley senior was a close friend of Governor Roberts and

Sam Houston, and other celebrities whose names are so closely allied with the early history of that commonwealth; and to him Houston confided the secret of his estrangement from his wife on their wedding day, which has been characterized as one of

Association, having a membership in every civic organization that has a membership roll in Topeka. He is a director of the Bank of Topeka, one of the oldest and largest banks of Kansas, and of the Prudential Trust Company, the oldest and the largest trust company in the state. Also, he is a director of the Morris Plan Bank.

His war activities reveal a membership in nearly every organization that had anything to do with pushing on the war. A catalog of his activities is included in the one word "Rotary."

Charles L. Mitchell was born forty-nine years ago on a farm near Kenosha, Wisconsin. His father arrived from Scotland on a sailing ship which required seven weeks to make the passage. He early assumed life responsibilities because of the death of his father. He earned his first money when nine years of age by holding grain sacks at a threshing machine, and with this money he purchased a small shovel to clean ashes out of the fireplace and presented it to his mother to take the place of the one he had broken while playing with it. He was a newsboy and established the first newspaper route in Kenosha. Those were the days when he came in contact with people. At the age of sixteen he was assistant to one of the best boxing instructors in the country and taught the art of self-defense. Friday afternoons and Saturdays, after school, he delivered groceries.

After a siege of pneumonia he went to Denver in 1892 to look after a weak pair of lungs, and became a messenger boy in the Denver and Rio Grande, studying stenography and typewriting at night; and was advanced to a stenographic position in the purchasing agent's office and was a stenographer for four days of his life, when he was promoted to take (Continued on page 197)

the "Mysteries of the Past Century." Here is the truth at last:

Mrs. Houston had another lover—the sweetheart of her childhood, of whom she was very fond; but the prominence of Mr. Houston over in Tennessee had led to her decision in his favor. After the nuptials, something was said about this lover, and the happy bridegroom remarked, "Well, that is past now, you love me best." She frankly admitted that she did not, and said she would have to learn to love him. Houston idolized her, and this was too much for his loyal heart. The dream rudely ended on the nuptial day. She returned to her paternal roof, and he went his way; and his adventures and subsequent marriage to a half-breed Indian are written into the history of the "Lone Star State" for all time.

Constance Templeton

* * *

Topeka Man Knows What Graphic Arts Mean in National Field

IN the realm of graphic arts C. L. Mitchell of Topeka has established a reputation as a "prize printer." More than that, his seems to be a premier citizenship.

His activities include a membership in nearly every organization that seeks to enlist the interest of energetic and enthusiastic men. He is vice-president of the National Association of Stationers and Manufacturers, representing all of the retail members of that national organization. He is president of the Midwest Division of the National Association, comprising the five states of Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Arkansas. He is president of the Topeka Stationers Association and chairman of the Kansas Blank Book Manufacturers



COLONEL CHARLES L. MITCHELL, a "printer" with the true national angle on everything pertaining to the graphic arts. His home is in Topeka, Kansas

From telephone operator to the State Senate

A Man who Gets Things Done

Transportation and taxation are two great questions which G. Wallace Tibbets has studied to get results. The record of his public and private achievements and activities indicates that he understands how to do things

THESSE are the days when real business men are needed in legislative bodies.

It is the time when the people are confronted with increased burdens of taxation and the all-important problem of transportation. Now there is a call for seasoned and active business men of experience in state and national affairs to meet and solve the questions right and bring relief.

There was a feeling of enthusiasm in the heart of every man who knew G. Wallace Tibbets, when it was announced he had decided to make the run for the State Senatorship for the First Suffolk Senatorial District, that he was the right man for the place.

He was born on Marion Street, East Boston, forty-three years ago, and attended the Chapman School. He was a classmate of "Allie" T. Fuller, present Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, at the Malden High School. His old schoolmates remember Wallace Tibbets as a brilliant student, finishing the last four years in two.

Anxious to get busy with real life responsibilities and get to work, he began the study of law with Frank E. Bradish, Esq., former associate of Governor John L. Bates.

Admitted to the bar, he has continued practice for eighteen years and is a director in a co-operative bank, and at present active vice-president and director of the Exchange Trust Company, where he has made and conducted business face to face with many thousands of people during the last fifteen years. He works today just as he worked as a night telephone operator to pay for his education and to have his days for school and the study of law.

He was title examiner at the Registry of Deeds and studied law at Northeastern University Evening Law School.

During the war he was chairman of the Victory Cottage on Boston Common and active in all the Liberty Loan drives. He sold millions of dollars of Liberty Bonds, and instituted the idea of a fund to present Liberty Bonds to the mother of the first American boy killed in the World War.

He is treasurer of the South End Post American Legion Building Fund. His friends recognize that he does not need the job at the State House, but are insistent that his wide experience in legislative matters should be utilized at this time. He believes in economy in expenditures, reduction of taxes, and in fact has made a study of two problems, "Taxes" and "Transportation."

As a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, he contributed to the recent Aviation Field Fund, and is especially interested in plans for the relief of the stagnation of transportation in Revere and the proper adjustment of service and "tunnel raids"

in respect to East Boston, Chelsea, and Revere. He believes in a Narrow Gauge fare of five cents between local stations in Revere and Winthrop and a proper adjustment of the fare to Lynn.

He is active in securing legislation for



G. WALLACE TIBBETS

large appropriations for the improvement in the district and took the initiative in bringing the attention of the General Court to the necessity of the connecting link of Short Beach Boulevard, bringing Winthrop in touch with the miles of proper surroundings.

Mrs. Tibbets was, prior to her marriage, and since that time, a public elocutionist whom everyone delights in hearing read. Everyone knows of the Tibbets "twins." He has a home and home folks that he is proud of. He has the mental equipment, training in business, finance, and law for legislative work.

Now for a catalogue of the real activities of G. Wallace Tibbets. It reads like a telephone directory and only needs to be mentioned to reveal the activities of his life. Secretary Winthrop Republican League, Inc.; Past President of the Associated Savings Trust Companies of Massachusetts and Legislative Committee for nine years; Member American Institute of Banking; Massachusetts Bar Association; director and trustee of business and charitable associations; Treasurer Winthrop Chapter American Red Cross; 1921 Roll Call Chairman, Red Cross; Winthrop War Work Executive Committee; Chairman War Camp Community Service; Legal Advisory Board; Treasurer South End Post American Legion Building Fund; Executive Committee, St. John's Episcopal Parish. Council, Winthrop; A. F. & A. M. Elks, City Club, Shriner; Massachusetts Republican Club;

Winthrop Pageant Association; Winthrop Yacht Club; Winthrop Highlands Yacht Club; Cottage Park Yacht Club; Point Shirley Club; Belmont Spring Country Club; Boston Chamber of Commerce; Winthrop Golf Club; member of Winthrop Town Meeting; Winthrop Board of Trade; Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; Executive Chairman Winthrop Community Hospital Drive, and many others continuing on down the alphabet.

Among the addresses which Mr. Tibbets has prepared for various organizations along the line of business, his paper before the American Institute of Banking at their annual convention in Seattle was most favorably received and has been widely quoted. It was printed in the *United States Investor* and the editorial staff of the American Bankers Association have called for it for their magazine.

The history of Winthrop in recent years indicates G. Wallace Tibbets one of the most public-spirited men in the town. Everyone will agree that Winthrop owes many improvements to his activities. While he respects the old politicians, he believes in letting the younger generation have an opportunity to prove their metal.

His work especially appeals to the women because he is determined to do things and clean up the murkiness of politics and put it on a solid business basis.

When the final community hospital drive was conducted in Winthrop this year, it was led by Wallace Tibbets. As stated by Rev. Ralph M. Harper, a neighbor, Mr. Tibbets' candidacy is a civic rather than a political proposition. It is felt in Winthrop that he is the only candidate in that town who can be elected.

Those present at the final meeting of the hospital drive will never forget the crusading spirit of his leadership.

He has an objective and goes toward it with faith and determination, proved by his service with the Red Cross Roll Call and Community Hospital Drive. The drive was so successful in bringing the men and women of Winthrop together that it resulted in a permanent organization to continue their work. His supporters are all the sort who know how to create interest in their candidate, because Wallace Tibbets has that faculty of leadership that brings people together with a quick understanding.

The General Court of Massachusetts, rich in historic accounts, with a roster containing the names of many men eminent as State Senators. It is fitting that he should represent the district in which he was born and reared among humble surroundings, and in a district which he has known for so many years as his own home and neighborhood.

Where domestic trade is unsurpassed

Insuring a Big City's Pre-eminence

Because the development of a financial centre is inseparably linked with insurance, Chicago business men have joined to form a big national organization

IT has always been a mystery to many people why Chicago has not come to the front more conspicuously in life insurance affairs. There are, it is true, some good companies in that city, but when one thinks of organizations of this character he thinks of New York or some New England city.

The biggest single factor in making New York the leading financial center of this continent has been its early development of many large internationally known life insurance companies, drawing billions of dollars annually from all over the United States. The Middle West, and Chicago in particular, have always furnished a fertile field for these eastern companies, and they reap a rich harvest in this territory annually.

Some of Chicago's business men, realizing the necessity of a medium whereby a considerable portion of these funds would be retained at home, conceived the idea of forming The Chicago National Life Insurance Company. The company was formed and organized under the laws of Illinois, after an exhaustive investigation, fortified by facts brought out by the Report of the Ways

money of the country is on deposit and invested east of the Alleghanies.

Third, it showed Chicago's inadequate insurance facilities and its negligence in not assuming the risks, rendering the service, and thereby repeating the profits, resultant from this lucrative business.

Chicago is the second American city in population, the first in volume of domestic trade and commerce, and no good or valid reason could be advanced why it should not do a large portion of its insurance as well.

It is on this basis that the Chicago National Life Insurance Company was built, and it furnishes an example of what can be done when the Chicago "I will" spirit, backed by capital, enterprise, and ability, sets for itself the task of building a home life insurance company.

Organized and financed by leading business men, along conservative and safe lines, it wrote its first policy on January 1, 1922. The company recently absorbed the Gary Life Insurance Company, and has now on its books almost six millions of insurance.

The organization was most fortunate in having as its directing head an experienced life insurance expert—Mr. A. L. Whitmer, a man whose marked success and ability along insurance lines is well known and undisputable. His keen foresight and untiring industry has enabled the company to profit by the experience and mistakes of other companies. Pursuing a fixed and predetermined business policy, scrupulously careful about his business associates, making no promises but what are fulfilled, he is at once straight, direct, and to the point. His wide insurance experience plus his exceptional natural ability and leadership make him an asset of inestimable value to the company.

Mr. Whitmer organized the Chicago National Underwriters Company for the purpose of acting as fiscal agent for the Chicago National Life Insurance Company. This company has entire control of the sale of policies and renewals, and is managed by insurance men of experience and ability. By this means the life insurance company eliminates expensive agency offices and general and sub-agents.

He is also president of the Chicago National Underwriters Company; organizer of the Chicago National Life Insurance Company; president, Premier Petroleum Company; president, Industrial Hotel Supply Company and identified in an official capacity with other large corporations.

The loyal support of its stockholders and the readiness of Chicago people to grasp insurance ideas—these, coupled with the strong and able personnel of the company, have all contributed to its success. Foresight and good judgment were exercised in

the disposition of the company's stock, in that sales were limited to small and numerous holdings, placed in strategical centers. These methods have since given active testimony as to their wisdom.

It is becoming a well-known fact that young companies are even safer than old ones, and the prejudice of the public against



A. L. WHITMER, who organized the company. He is president of the Chicago National Underwriters Company, which acts as fiscal agent for the insurance organization



THOMAS CAREY, president of the recently formed Chicago National Life Insurance Co.

and Means Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce.

This report disclosed several important facts: First, that Chicago and its tributary territory annually expends in premiums to foreign and domestic companies over four hundred millions of dollars, of which sum less than one per cent is retained at home.

Second, that three-fourths of the insurance

placing their insurance in young companies is largely disappearing. The reason of this apparent contradiction of business rules is that the young insurance company possesses a much higher ratio of assets to liabilities than does an older one; its risks are all new ones recently examined, its mortality is extremely low, and its capital and reserve are invested at a higher average interest yield. As a matter of service it must give its best, and as a matter of policy it must be a little more conversant with the changing needs, and adapt its contracts to these needs; while at the same time the law requires that very conservative business principles be closely adhered to. That is the method of comparison, although under present insurance laws it is difficult to say that one insurance company is *safest* than another, for the very good reason that they are all absolutely safe.

Mr. Thomas Carey, president of the company, is a prominent Chicago business man, who has come to the front through his own untiring efforts. As a young man Mr. Carey started without money or advantages and worked his way up the ladder on his own merits until today he is a millionaire many times over. He is the owner of the Carey Brick Company, the largest individual brick plant in the world; president of the Chicago and O'reton Coal Company. He is a large land owner and fruit grower in California, as well as an extensive real estate holder in Cook County, and has attained prominence in local, state, and governmental politics.

The vice-president of the Chicago National Life Insurance Company, Lee D. Mathias, is also counsel for the company. His knowledge of corporation law and his legal experience of many years, coupled with his ability and recognized standing in his profession, precludes the possibility of a legal or technical error. It may be mentioned that he has been Chicago's past corporation counsel and the legal light that shone to Chicago its outlet to the Gulf.

Other prominent business men who have identified themselves with the company in

an official capacity are: Mr. W. C. Bond, who is a large real estate holder in the United States, and possesses also interest in Mexico and Canada. He is a man of considerable experience in the life insurance business and other financial institutions, having been chief inspector for the Great West Loan Company, and general agent for the Great West Life. He has always been a high producer and is responsible for many of the company's sound insurance principles.

Mr. T. Frank O'Connell, who has been for many years actively identified with Chicago's foremost building institutions, was a director for five years of the Chicago Public Library, and has held many honorary positions. Particularly well fitted through his intimate knowledge of Chicago affairs, and his host of friends to be the Secretary of the Company, he is at all times a very enthusiastic booster for Chicago and a consistent worker for its advancement.

The medical end of the business was placed in the hands of such men as Dr. Frank P. Steden, Dr. Milton G. Happer, Dr. A. E. Diller, Dr. Rich St. Benno and Dr. R. D. Cruikshank, and they have all worked unsparingly to contribute to the

success of the enterprise, which has gone over in such fine shape.

Mr. A. E. Johnson, the Agency Manager of the Chicago National Life Insurance Company, is a man of keen judgment, who views with an unerring eye any one seeking an affiliation with the company. His utmost care and caution have saved his connections many thousands of dollars and have made of him an efficient character in the life insurance business.

He was one of the incorporators of the Old Line Life of Milwaukee, and during his connection with the Gary Life of Indiana he passed upon all the business placed upon that company's books. He was connected with the Niagara Life of Buffalo for six years. He also was associated with the Conservative Life of Los Angeles, now the Pacific Mutual.

The company has thirty bank connections in its territory. The officials of these banks have satisfied themselves that the company's plans are all right and the integrity of the officials is above reproach, and they are giving the enterprise valuable cooperation. Much of the company's funds are invested in the vicinity of these affiliated banks.

Import Tricks That Bleed Your Pocketbook

Continued from page 171

One New York paper announces that a duty on hides would increase the cost of shoes by \$2 a pair, and warns the people against the horrible possibilities of the children going shoeless to school, when as a matter of fact the compensatory duty on hides was fixed as twelve cents per pair of shoes and the rate of five per cent *ad valorem* makes the greatest possible difference in the price of shoes somewhere between eighteen and thirty cents.

It might be said that the retailer would raise his price \$2 because of the thirty-cent rise in the tariff, but how long are the American people going to be robbed by the man who poses in the public prints as the great merchandiser, the honest man, when he is shown by this document to be what the President of the United States has termed "a most unconscionable profiteer"?

The women of our country should be brought to understand that the retail merchants do not possess all the virtues, and that when they buy an imported clock for \$30 it cost the merchant perhaps not more than \$2.27 on his counter. When she buys beautiful Haviland china from another great merchant for \$134, she would be surprised to know that he paid for that china on his counter, duty and all charges included, \$35.30.

* * *

When the druggist sells you some lovely soap for sixty cents a cake, remember that if the soap was imported it cost the aforesaid druggist perhaps thirteen cents. When he marks it "Special" and sells it to you for forty-five cents, remember that it still cost him thirteen cents. When you buy a clinical thermometer from the same druggist,

remember the eloquence of the Senator from Alabama, or some other Senator, who said, "The rates on surgical instruments and medical supplies will deprive our hospitals of the source of health and comfort to the sick. This tariff will snatch the knife from the hand of the surgeon at the moment when the precious life perhaps of your child depends upon it." Then observe that the clinical thermometer was brought into this country and put on the merchant's shelf for fifteen cents, and you are asked \$1.50. And the surgeon's knife was brought into this country for twenty-nine cents and sold for \$4.50.

How the manufacturer competing with such prices can make any profit at all is beyond answer, or rather there is an answer — He cannot.

An illustration might be given of a pair of scissors that cost on the merchant's shelf twenty-two cents and was sold to you for \$2.65. You can hear some great Senator of free trade proclivities reciting the "Song of the Shirt" and asking what this poor woman will do if the tariff raises the cost of these scissors from twenty-two to twenty-seven cents, because the retail merchant who sells her this article will have to charge her \$3.50 on account of the additional duty.

What the importers and importing retail merchants are doing to this country is a crime. Profiteering is beyond any calculation that has been ever suggested. Every woman, every woman's organization, and every merchant who deals in American goods and tries to build up American industries and institutions, and who is not making these profits, should have a copy of this document in order that they may see what the im-

porter is doing. The retail merchants generally pay the importers extortionate profits as shown above, whereas the great importing retail merchants in the metropolitan cities and the mail order houses reap the full spread and make the little country merchant and the small town merchant join in the howl against the tariff while they rake in the profit.

* * *

Get the book, preach the gospel of protection for the American manufacturer, and know that as a result of this investigation by the Treasury Department and the Committee on Finance of the United States Senate, the public is to be informed as to:

1. The low cost of foreign production.
2. The low duty collected by the Government.
3. The vast amount and percentage of spread between the foreign value and the American retail selling price, and the total landed cost and price to the consumer.
4. That the duty collected and the duty proposed in the pending tariff bill should not increase the price of this merchandise to the consumer.
5. That the duty proposed by the pending bill will in no instance stop importation.
6. That the importer can easily pay the tariff duties without increasing the retail selling price. In other words, the spread between the foreign purchase price and the selling price by the importer is sufficient to absorb the tariff duty many times over without any increase of the selling price of any of these imported products.

And don't forget that every article that is imported that cost a day's labor abroad costs an American workingman a day's pay.



The NATIONAL RADIO Circle

*Conducted by Wireless Experts
in the Interests of those who "listen in"*



Marconi is Honored

SEPTEMBER should be a big month in radio. The foremost engineers have met and expressed their opinions regarding the future development of wireless. There are indications of startling new discoveries in the immediate future.

Senator Guglielmo Marconi recently visiting in America, interviewed many of the leading engineers, and inspected radio stations and laboratories. He was awarded the John Fritz medal, the highest honor which American engineers bestow. The auditorium of Engineering Societies Building in New York City was crowded when the presentation of the medal was made.

On the platform sat forty leaders of the profession, including those who have also received the medal: Orville Wright, who developed the airplane; Dr. Elihu Thompson, electrical engineer; J. Waldo Smith, New York engineer of water supply; and Major General George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal.

* * *

"Light Socket" Set That Uses No Current

In the research laboratories of the Globe Phone Manufacturing Company at Reading, Massachusetts, a new radio device has been perfected by Earl C. Hanson, inventor of the piloting cable system adopted by the United States Government, and the Vactophone for the deaf, which should prove of interest to all followers of radio.

The device consists of a complete radio receiving set, and is compact, weighing only a few pounds, and being only seven inches in length and one and a half inches in diameter. It can be readily handled, and its simplicity of operation will insure its extensive use. This instrument is complete in itself, no other equipment being needed; all that is necessary is an electric light socket to which connection is made in the manner of connecting a light bulb. With this device messages may be received from any broadcasting station within a radius of about five miles, but with the attachment of additional equipment messages from greater distances may be received. There is no expense to the operation whatever, and with proper care the instrument should last indefinitely. No outside aerial is necessary, and with this set those who are not permitted to have an outside aerial may have a radio set at a very low expense.

The attachment is highly efficient, and there is absolutely no danger whatsoever, an extra precaution having been taken by the insertion of a fuse so as to give protec-



EARL C. HANSON with his new invention, the complete radio receiving set, which fits into an electric light socket and uses the electric light wire for an aerial without consuming any electric current. This instrument is the latest thing in radio and will vastly increase the scope of reception. Mr. Hanson conducts his research work at the laboratories of the Globe Phone Manufacturing Company, which is located at Reading, Massachusetts, where the new radio set is made

tion in case of an unusual electrical discharge. There are no batteries to this set and no electric current is consumed, so that it can be readily seen that with this set a great deal of amusement may be had for practically nothing.

The set consists of two main parts, an antenna attachment plug and a crystal device, the design of the latter being new and the latest word in detector perfection. By means of this attachment plug the electric wires are made to serve as the aerial, as they absorb the radio wave energy which is then received by means of the detector. The plug consists of a fibre tube in which are placed several condensers compactly inserted so as to insure better service. At one end of this tube are a number of binding posts, while at the opposite end is fastened the plug which fits in the light socket as shown in the accompanying illustration.

On the outside of the tube is placed the detector set, which is composed of a coil of wire wound around the tube, and which is in close contact with a brass slider that moves along a nickel plated rod, and at one end of which is the crystal silicon. A connection is made between the binding posts of the detector and the attachment plug by means of an insulated wire. By means of this wire greater efficiency may be obtained by adjustments. The ear phones are connected to the binding posts as shown, and the complete set is grounded in the usual manner.

The simple operation of the instrument is as follows: The plug is inserted in the socket and the headdress adjusted. It matters not whether the current is turned on, although in some cases better results are obtained with the current on. The insulated wire is adjusted until the required signal is obtained, when the brass slider is moved along the metal rod until the desired wave length is obtained; in other words the slider serves as a tuner.

In the research laboratories of the Globe Phone Manufacturing Company at Reading, Massachusetts, where this set is to be manufactured, Mr. Hanson, the inventor, conducts his research work when his duties do not compel his presence at Washington.

New Electron Tube Solves "Message from Mars"

A new electron tube about eighteen inches long and two inches in diameter, which is expected by radio experts to revolutionize long-distance radio communication, has been invented by Dr. Langmuir of the General Electric Company in their Schenectady, New York, Laboratories. It is also predicted that this tube will cause the scrapping of millions of dollars' worth of equipment in radio transmitting stations all over the world. If this tube replaces the Alexander Alternator, there will be a great



A CONDENSER which opens the door for radio experimenting to every one who owns a set. With it the causes of weak signals and broad tuning can be studied.

saving in the space occupied by the sending station.

Dr. Langmuir told Senator Marconi that the 150,000 meter wireless waves which Marconi had received while he was listening in on the wireless set aboard his yacht *Electra* in the Mediterranean had not been sent out from Mars, but by Dr. Langmuir's new tube in Schenectady, New York.

The principle of the tube was discovered about 1912 while Dr. Langmuir was working on the nitrogen-filled lamp for the General Electric Company. He found that electrons were given off from the two terminals of the lamp. This caused him to investigate why the electrons did not form a contact between the two poles and burn out the lamp—which was, of course, not desired by the manufacturers of the lamp. The investigation resulted in the discovery that the electrons were both positive and negative and thus repelled each other so that a veritable whirlwind of electrons was created in the tube which resulted in its power intensity.

It was the first time a wave of 150,000 meters has been generated on this earth. A wave of 30,000 meters has previously been considered enormous.

* * *

Experimental Possibilities Opening to Amateurs

Behind the concert broadcasts is the vastly more fascinating field where tireless experimenters ever seek greater achievement in the science of wireless today. Every boy, through the medium of a new departure in instrument making can now take his initial step toward entering the engrossing field of true scientific research in radio.

Every youth with a radio set knows in a general way the functions of the condenser, but how many can measure accurately its losses or can tell the result and the efficiency of the apparatus?

In the laboratories of the General Radio Company at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which is the workshop where the instruments of scientists and experimenters are built, a unique condenser has been developed. The faults of broad tuning, diminished signal strength, etc., no longer tantalize the amateur, they present themselves as definite problems that are to be solved in a scientific way.

Aided by the unique scale on the General Radio condenser, the amateur steps into the truly scientific field. He begins to think in terms of micromicrofarads, to know what capacity really means, and to sense the problems which electrical experimenters are facing daily.

Almost every one of the outstanding figures in wireless today began experimenting in boyhood days. To encourage the youthful experimenters, the General Radio Company has stepped out of the field of providing only the experimental instruments of experts to include the amateur who seeks the real secrets of radio and electricity.

The General Radio Company develops many different intricate electrical devices. A single testing "bridge," with thousands of turns of wire and many methods of adjustment, makes almost any kind of elec-

trical measurement possible. To the novice or amateur it is an incomprehensible labyrinth, but to the experimenter it is a vital necessity.

Did you know that wireless messages are sent across the Atlantic at such terrific speed that it is humanly impossible for any operator to read them? The company makes the instrument that does the work which not even the most expert Marconi operator can do. The Signal Recorder writes down the dots and dashes with a little pen on a tape which speeds beneath it, and then the operator at his leisure reads this language of signs and translates it into our own alphabet.

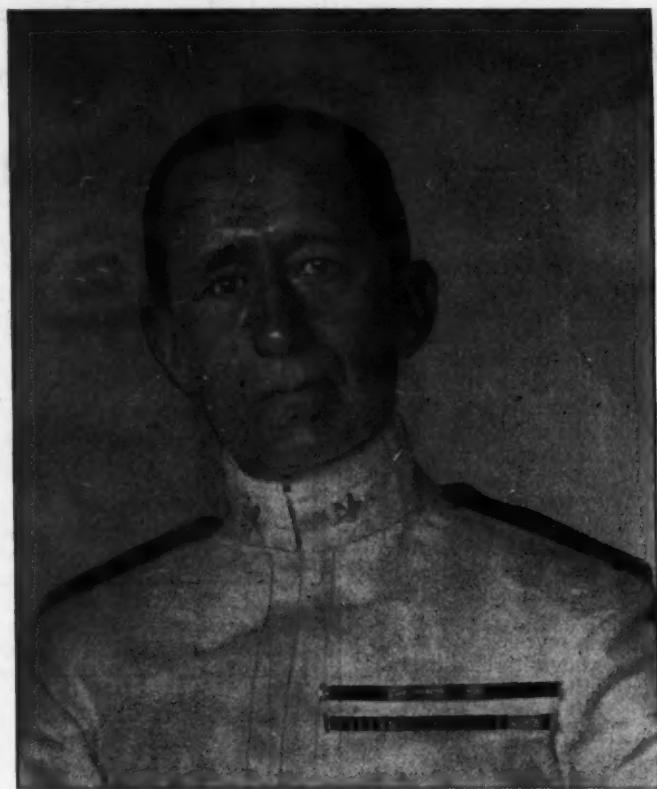
Radio reception is the most absorbing and permanent of the many facts which the American public has adopted. That is the reason that the fraternity of radio experimenters, always welcoming the ambitious youth, is so intensely fascinating.

* * *

Standardization of Radio Apparatus

Due to the increasing public interest in radio, the large buyers of apparatus have requested the Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce to devise standard testing methods for receiving sets.

Performance test methods were recently agreed upon by representatives of the Bureau of Standards, the Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York, and the National Retail Dry Goods Association. The tests outlined include range of wave length, exactness of reproduction in telephone reception, ruggedness, ease of adjustment, sensitivity, sharpness of tuning, mechanical and electrical design, workmanship, and grade of materials used.



Senator Guglielmo Marconi whom the fraternity of radio fans admire and honor as the "Father of Wireless"



A machine which writes faster than any human being can think. It records fast Transatlantic radio messages on the paper tape which speeds beneath a tiny electrically-controlled pen

How Dakota Prairies Were Peopled With Trees

Continued from page 181

gracious lady and I sat immersed in deep brown study. A scroll of tender memories unfolded to us. The message of the red, red rose, the scent of sweet grass, the whirr of huge black noisy crows up above were all restful.

Near the old claim on Cottonwood Lake was the triumph of all. The whistling wind seemed almost to sing the wedding march in the leaves of that group of trees. Now we stood among them—two hundred varieties—the cedar of the north, the stately, bell-topped elm of New England, the blue spruce of Colorado, the maples of the mid-west, the snow-tipped silver birch, in circles of stately arbors, reminding one of Arcady. All was the work of my old friend, Alexander Alin, a real pioneer, Norwegian-born, but American to the core. In his soul existed primarily a love of trees. He lived the lone life of a bachelor, but he reared a great family—of trees.

This was his dream revealed to me. No scene in Grand Opera ever thrilled me more than this old man who gave to North Dakota the greatest boon ever bestowed—one that might make statesmen look to their laurels.

Alex proved that God would make trees grow in the prairie land if man would only help. He was one of Nature's devoted disciples, indeed!

This nature-artist was tall and thin. His honest face and hands bespoke his age and his sacrifice, but as he stood transfigured among his beloved trees, the fruit of years of hard labor and planning, his eyes lit up like those of a boy. A master creative mind in overalls.

The old maple seeds I had carried to the Dakotas came to mind. While "only God can grow a tree," the faith and work of Alex Alin has recreated the forests of Norway on the prairie land. His life romance is haloed in the shade of these trees.

Friend Hutch insisted that we have pictures taken among these trees that now are a glorious living monument to former days. Today in North Dakota, Queen of the Prairies, great seas of green dotted with islands of trees shelter the homes of farmers—farmers who sow and reap and toil whether the market goes up or goes down—bravely, against all obstacles. The world must have food.

Two "Human Interest" Stories

Continued from page 177

On one occasion one of the Jenny Lind Trio walked eight miles into town, laden with a heavy suitcase.

Our play was "The Brat," with occasional Sunday performances of "The Servant in the House," in ultra-religious communities. In one burg we were unable to play the latter, because of a change in the cast, and at the last moment "The Brat" was substituted. Part of the audience walked out on us, some of them threatening to have the law on the actors. For had not the pastors of the three churches closed them to permit their parishioners to see a play they regarded as uplifting as any sermon.

We carried a proscenium arch, a big tarpaulin,

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and a set of tack scenery. Our crew boys, which correspond to stage hands, were largely inexperienced, and as the job of stage manager had been thrust upon me, I found myself climbing 2 x 4's, with hammer and nails, just like a regular stage carpenter and flyman.

The ugly face of discord obtruded itself early in the town. There was a woeful lack of harmony between the manager and the "Brat," who was, naturally, reinforced by her mother. A dramatic climax came at Yellville, Arkansas. The name of the town eloquently suggested the occasion. In the afternoon, a handsome, dashing young preacher from Kansas City made his debut as our lecturer, and while he was orating about Rome and Greece, the heavens opened and put an end to his rounded periods.

That night, the manager, in making his exit in the second act, slipped on a wet board, and, striking his head on a projection, lapsed into

unconsciousness. The village force of three physicians was called to revive him, but it looked like a real tragedy behind the scenes. The handsome, dashing young preacher lecturer read the third act from the 'script, and not a dog howled disapproval.

The Brat gave her notice shortly after this happened. She seemed disappointed that the accident had not resulted fatally. A new Brat came on, bringing with her an infant child named Lucille. The baby was of the sort that Eugene Field was wont to write about, or that "Eddie" Guest, our modern fireside poet, makes dear to the hearts of his readers. Lucille, with her perennial smile and her angelic disposition, soon made the older people in the troupe feel ashamed of their petty bickerings and their lack of forbearance, and at the close of the season everybody was speaking again.

"A child shall lead them!"

"Home Woman" Who Leads in Politics

Continued from page 176

numerous differences of opinion arose which had to be settled by the vice-chairman, receiving delegations of workers and arranging hall or parlor meetings. In the evening, she made speeches for the ticket unless matters connected with the college demanded her attention. It was nearly always ten or eleven o'clock at night before she got home.

But the two great pieces of work were brought to a climax and neither of them was neglected. And university dons and politicians acknowledged that a bank president with a lifetime of business training behind him might have failed in what one woman had accomplished—and that without any signs of exhaustion or nervous breakdown or the other ills which are popularly supposed to be the prerogative of women who have been required to make more than the ordinary effort in any direction.

In the spring of 1920 Mrs. Knapp had conferred upon her one of the most signal marks of political honor which had ever fallen to the lot of a woman in New York State. She was one of two women from the territory east of the Mississippi River to be elected a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, and she narrowly escaped being a delegate-at-large.

In many of the "up-State" counties of New York there was a sentiment that a woman ought to be one of the "Big Four." The women's organization of Greater New York, however diligent and painstaking, had been unable to make any important inroads into the immense Democratic vote of practically every borough in the 1918 State election, so that it did not seem suitable that a New York City woman should receive the distinction. There would have been, undoubtedly, a general sentiment that Miss Mary Garrett Hay, war horse of suffrage, would have been a fit candidate for delegate-at-large, had it not been for the fact that Miss Hay had committed herself to open opposition to her party's candidate for the office of United States Senator and had publicly declared that she would not vote for him, even should he receive the party nomination.

The up-State forces, after Miss Hay's attitude had been made public, felt that since the woman whose services in securing the franchise for women merited recognition could not be nominated, the woman candidate for delegate-at-large should come from that portion of the state which had always given Republican majorities and had often elected Republican State tickets by the turn of a hair.

The executive committee of Mrs. Knapp's county, headed by State Senator George R. Fearon, made the start by calling a meeting and endorsing their vice-chairman as a candidate for delegate-at-large to the Chicago Convention.

Mrs. Knapp made a fine impression at the convention, but withdrew her name from consideration in favor of Nathan L. Miller, later governor of New York. Thereupon her central New York district nominated her as a district delegate.

She was a district delegate from the thirty-fifth Congressional District of the State of New York and received a larger

vote from the two counties of that district than any other delegate—not even excepting the members of the "Big Four." And she returned from Chicago to plunge into the excitement of a political campaign and to prepare the School of Home Economics to blossom into the full dignity of a college.

In the spring of 1921 steps were taken to raise the School of Home Economics to a college, and the action was taken by the Board of Trustees and the college deans, later to be ratified by the regents of the University of the State of New York.

At the opening of the college year 1921-1922, there were three hundred and seventeen students enrolled from thirty-one states of the Union and the Dominion of Canada. There are now fifteen members of the faculty in addition to the twenty-five instructors and professors from other colleges—Fine Arts, Liberal Arts, Teachers' College, Medicine and the Hospital of the Good Shepherd (where the girls go for science), modern language, design, pedagogy, nutrition, and nursing.

"Girls take naturally to Home Economics," says Dean Knapp. "If the war taught us no other lesson, at least it taught us that scientific home making is to be regarded as a vocation for women, just as certain other branches are to be regarded as a vocation for men or for both sexes.

"As for women in politics, I believe that men are coming to learn the secret of making them fulfill themselves—the secret of helpful co-operation between voters of both sexes. If a woman is to do her best, she must first be directed until she learns the necessary elements. Then she must be consulted in regard to the problem which she is equipped to solve."

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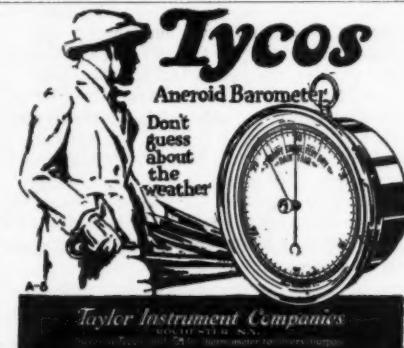
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Rambles in Bookland



By ALLISON OUTRAY

IN the Assembly Room of Dwight Hall on Yale Campus last year an event occurred which made a profound impression upon under-graduates. The Yale Dramatic Association, which has made a permanent name for itself through its excellence in the art of the stage, presented the story of Job from a version prepared by Charles Foster Kent, Woolsey Professor of Biblical literature. In the presentation of this epic poem the vista of biblical dramatization was immensely broadened.

Professor Kent, with the perseverance of an enthusiastic scholar, had spent months examining Hebrew and Greek writings in an effort to translate accurately all the thrill and beauty of form in this tone poem from its original tongue. That he accomplished his aim was shown by the tense interest of the audience as the lyric passages of "Job" and his friends were given in perfect, natural meter. It seemed almost as if the actual persons had been reincarnated and the scenes were appearing as of old—the pleadings of this man who had lost so much, the advice of his friends, the thunderous words of Jehovah.

As the concluding words of Job were uttered—

"Therefore, I loathe my words,
And repent in dust and ashes,"

the perfect silence testified to the fact that this immortal message of the meaning of suffering had been given a deeper significance than ever before.

This almost perfect metrical version of the lyric-drama, Job, forms but a chapter of one of the most remarkable and needed books of today. The Shorter Bible, in two volumes, comprising the Old and the New Testaments, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Both were prepared by Professor Kent, with the collaboration of many other authorities. Where the original Hebrew version is in poetry, Mr. Kent has carried the rhythmical presentation into our own tongue without sacrificing accuracy, and has succeeded admirably. Other portions of the Bible in prose are presented in the form of a modern novel. The verse numbering is eliminated and the story told with all the strength and directness possible. That it achieves the aim of its editors to "kindle the interest of the busy modern reader in the Bible as a whole," is hardly saying enough. It goes far more than that in presenting the stories in the Bible with a directness which makes their spiritual significance truly accessible.

* * *

The Children's Bible is a title too self-limiting for the most recent volume of Henry A. Sherman, head of the Department of Religious Literature of Charles Scribner's Sons, and Charles Foster Kent, Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University. This volume, the selections of which have been made as a result of more than twenty-five years of observation and study, is a masterpiece from whatever viewpoint it is considered—contents, simplicity, vigor, illustration, or binding. The text is that of the Bible itself, but the language used is that of the child. It is not, however, in words of one syllable, for it has been felt by the editors that as the child reads

he should be learning gradually the meaning of new words and idioms, which beautify our tongue. These immortal stories and songs of both testaments are a rich heritage, indeed, for any child. By those older we feel sure it will be received with unbounded enthusiasm, as a great step in eradicating the laboriousness of reading the text in its original translation.

IMMIGRATION AND THE FUTURE

IN the 208 pages of this volume, "Immigration and the Future,"* Miss Kellor (Part I) treats of immigration past, present and future, a new epoch of immigration and racial opinion in America. Its synopsis opens with the statement that "the question of whether America wants immigration is as unsettled as before the war."

Part II discusses American business and immigration. It is asserted that the foreign market of fifteen million foreign-born people in America today is more complicated than was its total market a century ago, and that it is open to exploitation from Europe no less today than then. Another phase of the subject is shown in the sentence, "We are letting thousands of immigrants return home without making them, while in America, potential salesmen for us abroad." Savings and investments from the topic of one chapter, in which the possibilities of developing the immigrant's interest in our banks and insurance companies are considered.

Economic assimilation is the theme of Part III. The nub of its argument is shown in the synopsis as follows: "The tests of assimilation are not the superficial ones of clothing, language, or even citizenship; but whether the American, in the presence of so many aliens, can preserve the American position and point of view; and whether the immigrant, in the presence of so many Americans, can keep his head and use wisely his opportunities. If assimilation, then, is identity of interest, its principles are recognition by both the immigrant and American of the capacities, qualities, and potentialities of each other; the exchange of ideas, opinions, and goods; and the participation of each in the life of the other." The conclusion is that "full assimilation must come when men and women share not only material but also spiritual gifts, and when these and not profits are sought."

Points emphasized in the book are that American business is straining its powers trying to sell goods to people in different European countries and ignoring the market of large numbers of the same nationalities in America, and that Americans ignore too much graces and virtues of foreigners which it would be to their advantage to emulate—in other words, we should be the better for making assimilation reciprocate.

Altogether, although only the millennium will bring full realization of her views, Miss Kellor makes a useful contribution to the discussion of one of the greatest problems of the times.

* "Immigration and the Future." By Frances Kellor, George H. Doran Company, New York.

Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 160

and cheering throng greeted Mr. Hughes, who is the third American Secretary of State to visit Brazil, and he was taken immediately to the Guanabara Palace, where he and his immediate party will be the guests of the Brazilian nation so long as they remain.

Guanabara, the finest palace in Brazil, was built by Emperor Dom Pedro for his daughter Isabel, who was three times princess regent of Brazil before the establishment of the republic. Elihu Root, Theodore Roosevelt, and King Albert have been guests there.

Secretary Hughes' mission to Brazil recalls memories of Dom Pedro's visit to our own Centennial Exposition in 1876, when his affable and democratic manner made him a great favorite.

His instant recognition of the importance of Alexander Graham Bell's telephone device, until that time looked upon as a useless "toy," won for the inventor the public notice and support that resulted in his eventual success after years of toil and discouragement.

The late emperor was a wise and kindly ruler, and the great and wonderful country that he so ably administered has become one of the leading republics of the world, inconceivably rich in natural resources, progressive and prosperous.

* * *

AN indication of the serious situation existing in Asiatic Turkey is given by the State Department's request that the American high commissioner at Constantinople despatch a force of destroyers to Smyrna to protect lives and property.

The reported debacle of the Greek army has led to the apprehension of the Allies that it is necessary for them to land forces for the protection of their nationals and to maintain order. Thousands of Greeks are fleeing in panic to the islands.

Obstacles Mean Nothing to Governor Nestos

Continued from page 168

enforcement, and is today a supporter of the prohibition law. He has always been interested in library work, believing libraries to be instrumental in making education available to all, and he helped to bring the Carnegie Library to Minot, besides acting as president of the State Library Association for three years, and being an ex-officio member of the State Library Commission. He has always been active in Y. M. C. A. work, and for fourteen years has been superintendent of one of the largest Sunday schools of the Lutheran Church.

He was truly called to office by the people. In 1920 he was a candidate for governor, but was defeated. He worked wholeheartedly in support of his former opponent, and after the election made another trip back to Norway to visit his mother, whom he had not seen for seventeen years.

But another campaign was coming on, and he wanted to support O'Connor to the best of his ability. There was not even a chance to secure first or second-class passage

to America until after the election, and in his anxiety to help in the campaign he made the trip across via steerage, just as he had done as a penniless boy in 1893. This time it was on the famous *Mauretania*.

In March last year the independent voters of the state decided to recall the governor, attorney-general, and commissioner of agriculture and labor, and Mr. Nestos was chosen by unanimous vote to make the race for the governorship. O'Connor was the anti-league candidate. The long and bitter campaign, finally resulted in the election of Governor Nestos, the first man ever elected governor at a recall election. It was surely a victory for Americanism, for he is carrying out to completion the ideals of his State for progress and betterment.

Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 188

charge of the stationery and printing department of the railroad company, which position he held for over six years. Later he took a position with the Detroit Copper Mining Company in Arizona. It was during those days that he rode the range and enjoyed the life of a real cowpuncher, but he insists that the movies never have fully pictured all the fine qualities of the cowboy.

In 1904, after the death of his wife, he located in Topeka and became the Secretary and Sales Manager of Crane & Company, the oldest and one of the largest printing, stationery and office equipment houses in the Middle West. He writes his signature in a way that emphasizes the last four letters of his name. His friends and the *New York Journal* cites that C. L. Mitchell "raises hell" every time he signs his name.

He is a big man physically and mentally, and when he addresses his fellow craftsmen or any one of the numerous organizations to which he belongs, he has something to say that makes an impression. He has lived the life of an active, busy American. He loves his work and is a student of the psychology of business. His language is clear and simple, and he has a frank way of talking that brings men to him, and they insist that Colonel Charles Mitchell is a living example of what one busy, active, enthusiastic, sincere, business man may accomplish in the allotted span of life. He has the real Kansan spirit, and when he mails out, every three months, a letter to twelve thousand customers, there is an epigrammatic and colloquial touch in his greetings and phraseology that makes them all feel that they know in person Charles L. Mitchell, who still signs his name with an emphatic flourish on the last four letters.

Welcoming Brazil as a Centenarian

Continued from page 164

marine, which I feel sure cannot exist under present high cost of maintenance, except under bounties or subsidies. Under present conditions we cannot continue to pay the high cost of running our ships and attempt to compete with much lower European costs.

"Our inland states, unless they are fully informed as to the situation, undoubtedly



2400 telephone wires in a cable little larger than a man's wrist.

Science keeps down costs

When the Bell System installed its first successful telephone cable, fifty wires was the largest number that could be operated in a single cable without "cross-talk" and other interference. Today it would require 48 cables of the original type to accommodate the number of wires often operated in one cable.

Without this improvement in cable, the construction of new underground and aerial lines would have cost the Bell System upwards of a hundred million dollars more than has actually been spent. In addition, the cost of maintenance would have been greater by eighteen million dollars a year. These economies in the Bell System mean a saving in telephone rates to each individual subscriber.

In all branches of telephone practice

science has similarly contributed to economy. Even in such a comparatively small item as switchboard cords, improvements have reduced the cost of renewal by four million dollars a year.

Every new telephone added to the Bell System increases the usefulness of all telephones, but this multiplication tends likewise to increase the complications and the expense of service. The scientists of the Bell System, to offset this tendency, are constantly called upon to develop new devices which simplify complications and keep down costs.

By virtue of a united system the benefits of these improvements are shared by all subscribers—and the nation is provided with the best and cheapest telephone service in the world.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



consider that they should not be taxed for what they believe would only benefit shipping along our coast. But they are in error, for whatever benefits and encourages exportation of our manufactured products reflects advantageously on the products of the west and interior states, cotton, grain, etc.

"I consider South America and especially Brazil, which is larger in territory than the entire United States, as favorable an opening for the extension of all kinds of business, especially agriculture, as the United States was fifty years ago. Already the Brazilian government has appropriated vast sums for improvements in its interior, or agricultural territory. The ship in which I sailed from

Barbados to Rio de Janeiro took out with it some twenty or more experts in hydraulics, electricity and other engineering work who are retained by the Brazilian government for the construction of dams and irrigation plants in the interior, and for which Brazil is spending about \$120,000,000 in gold. This is only one of many similar projects throughout Brazil which are now underway.

"It is foolish for us in the States to think that trade will come to us. We must go out and get it, and at the same time keep in close personal touch with the markets, especially in South America, where social relations are considered the first requisite to a firm business introduction."

WHITEHOUSE

You Will Like Them
BOTH

The Connecting Links Between these two popular products are not only the Name but the Stability and Sturdy Honesty of Character and Quality that Go with the name

BOSTON DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY CHICAGO

COFFEE and TEA

You Can't "Sit Tight" and Win

Continued from page 167

Biscuit Company. L. L. Guibard, the Boston sales manager, who happened to be a passenger on one of the trips, picked me out and took my name just because I was neat and put energy into my work. Later I got a job with the concern on one of the wagon routes in the Bunker Hill section of Charlestown.

"I was another fellow's helper. One day he didn't show up so I took both jobs."

The days that followed were full of progress. He tackled the toughest customers on numerous routes and was successful. He was sent out to Chicago, where he succeeded again. Then he was made sales manager of fifty-two branches and his salary had almost reached the five-thousand-dollar mark. Contrast this with the thirteen dollars a week he first made as a street car conductor only a few years before!

During the war Cullen was

with Herbert Hoover. It wasn't his original intention, for when the United States entered the conflict, he went to Washington to discover the quickest way to join the active fighting forces. Officials of the field forces suggested that he could be of far greater service to the country by offering his services to the food administration. Herbert Hoover convinced him that his fullest service lay in organizing the food administrations in the various states. His work in strengthening weak state organizations and managing food conservation pub-

licity campaigns proved invaluable. In the constant railroad travel and irregular hours necessitated by this work, Cullen's stamina and vitality had a trying test, but he never seemed to reach the point of real fatigue and was never late anywhere if it lay within his power to be on time.

"Being on time" is another of Cullen's mottos. During the interview, he rang for his secretary.

"One of the clocks in the office was several minutes slow this morning," he told him. "Fix it. If it cannot be fixed immediately paste a sheet of paper over its face. A clock is an index of business. You know I told you about merchants not on the job and not on time, creating a poor impression."

The main office clock at the Educator plant is a large plainly marked one, operated on the naval observatory standard. They keep up with it, too, and enjoy it!

